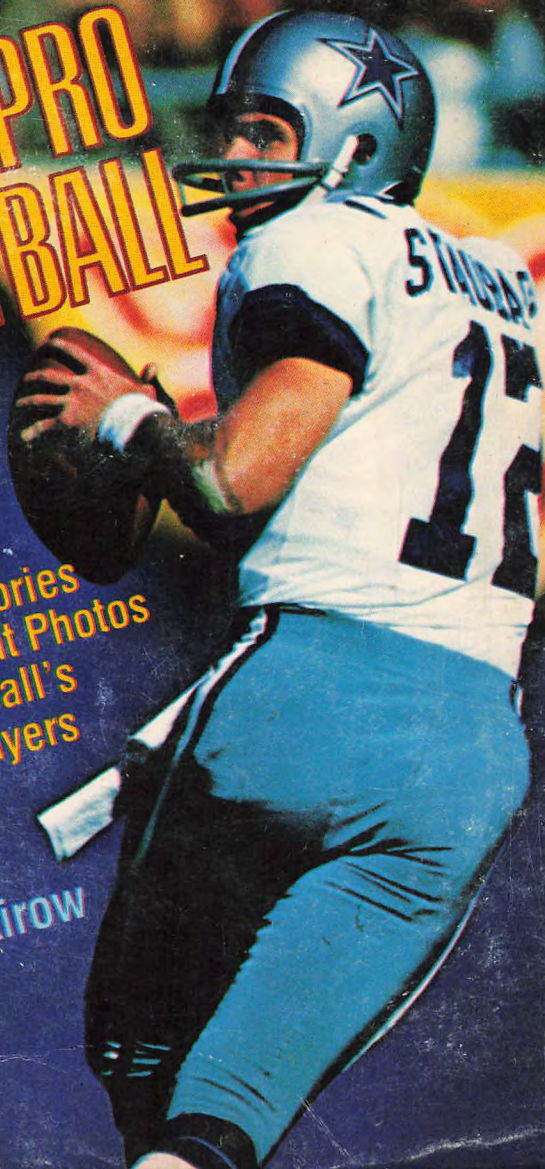


PRO FOOTBALL '78

Action Stories
and Great Photos
of Football's
Top Players

Bear Kirow



PRO FOOTBALL '78

***Stars, Photographs,
and
League Records***

BEAR KIROW

Xerox Education Publications
Middletown, Connecticut

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PROFILES

WALTER PAYTON

Sunday, December 18, 1977. The last day of the regular season in the National Football League. The last day in which Walter Payton would have a chance to beat O.J. Simpson's single season rushing record of 2,003 yards.

Payton, the 5-10½, 204-pound Chicago Bears halfback, needed 199 yards to do it.

The Bears were playing the New York Giants in The Meadowlands, New Jersey. The Giants were not the dominant team in the NFL, coming in with a 5 and 8 record. The Bears were 8 and 5, and a victory in this game would put them in the playoffs.

Things looked good until the morning of the game. Payton looked out his hotel window and saw a mini-blizzard in progress. When he got to Giants Stadium, he saw that the field was frozen. Running would be hazardous to his health, he knew, and it would take a minor miracle for him to be able to run with his old-time effectiveness (a) to lead his team to



victory and (b) to gain those 199 yards to eclipse the "Juice's" record.

Throughout the game it was a day only a polar bear could love, but not a Dancing Bear. Besides the miserable freezing rain, the Giants' defense proved formidable. And in the first half Payton, whom his teammates call "Sweetness," was held to just three yards rushing in seven carries.

For three quarters the best either team could get was a field goal. Then, in the fourth quarter, the Giants went ahead 6-3 on a second field goal. The Bears scored a touchdown but missed the extra point, making it 9-6. The Giants tied it with another field goal, and the game went into overtime.

By now Payton had absolutely no chance to overtake Simpson's mark. What he could do, though, was help lead his team to victory and a berth in the playoffs.

With only 42 seconds remaining in the overtime period, "Sweetness" went into his act. The Bears were first-and-10 at the Giants' 25. Payton took a short pass from quarterback Bob Avellini and stutter-stepped past Larry Mallory, the Giants' free safety, for a 14-yard gain to the Giants' 11-yard line. Moments later Bob Thomas kicked a 28-yard field goal for the 12-9 triumph that qualified the Bears for the National Football Conference's wild-card spot.

Payton wound up with only 47 yards gained for the game. He completed the season with 1,852 yards despite the sluggish going against New York. Only Simpson, with 2,003, and Jim Brown, with 1,863 in 1963, have rushed for more yards in a single season. Payton didn't score any touchdowns that day, but the 16 he compiled over the season led the league, three ahead of the Cowboys' Tony Dorsett.

This was the second straight year in which he had narrowly missed overtaking Simpson in a category. In 1976 Payton entered the final Sunday of the season ahead of O.J. by nine yards for the season's rushing title. Again, it was a subzero day, and the Bears were finding it hard to move against the Denver Broncos' defensive wall.

Payton had already picked up 49 yards when he tried the Denver line early in the third quarter. He slammed into a bunch of tacklers and twisted his ankle. Players, coaches, and trainers rushed onto the field and huddled around Walter. He limped off the field with the help of another player, then wrapped a heavy cape around himself on the bench. Tears came to his eyes as he covered his head with a hood.

He could not return to the game.

Meanwhile Simpson was running well against Baltimore. He finished with 171 yards rushing and a total of 1,503 for the season.

It wasn't easy for Walter to take.

"I was, I thought at the time, at the low point of my life," recalls Payton. "When I was lying there on the field, knowing I had failed to beat O.J. for the rushing title, I felt as if I never wanted to get up.

"My teammates wanted me to win the rushing crown so very badly that I know they were willing to do almost anything to get it for me. I think that, unconsciously, I had become overly aggressive. It hurt me deeply that I had disappointed them.

"My mother gave me good advice. I went back home to see her in Columbia, Mississippi. She said to me, 'Walter, don't worry about it. It was God's will, son. It was probably the best thing for you that it happened as it did. This may be a great disappointment for you right now. But in the long run it may help your

career because you now have a target to shoot at. Remember, my son, too much success too young can turn out to be bad.'

"When my mother's words sank in, I suddenly felt a sense of relief."

And surely it sustained Payton through that miserable day in New Jersey against the Giants—that and the playoff berth.

More grief loomed, though.

The Bears met the Cowboys in the playoffs. It was not a contest but a rout. Dallas trounced Chicago 37-7. Coach Tom Landry of Dallas described it as "our best game of the year."

Payton was a striver, as usual, but what could he do against such formidable opposition? He gained 60 hard yards in 19 carries and received a blow to the head late in the game after he had fumbled for the last of Chicago's five turnovers.

Payton may have been the luckiest Bear of all that afternoon. After the game he said, "I really got my bell rung with that knock on the head—I just don't remember anything that happened all day."

It wasn't the end of the season for Payton. There was still the Pro Bowl game. Under a fat Florida moon in Tampa he had an awfully sweet night.

Payton picked up a lovely trophy at the halftime ceremonies. It was for the Most Valuable Player in the National Football League for the 1977 season. He concluded the evening by picking up 77 yards in 13 carries and leading the NFC to a win. Many of the precious yards came in a game-ending drive with his team behind the AFC.

On the last long march to the goal line Payton contributed 20 yards to a 63-yard drive. Hart got 11 on a swing pass to Payton, and two short gainers to Billy Jo

DuPree and Drew Pearson. Fittingly, Payton scored the TD from one yard out to tie it up at 13-13 with six minutes remaining in the game. Efren Herrera's extra point put the NFC ahead for good.

The AFC couldn't score when it got the ball, and Payton then helped the NFC run out the clock.

The game was worth \$5,000 to each of the winners, and Payton came away with the Most Valuable Player trophy for the game.

What makes Payton so good?

Gale Sayers was asked that question. Sayers is the Hall-of-Famer who was the Bears' great running back before Payton, who in three years has eclipsed several of Gale's records.

"Payton has quickness, and the game today is a game of 5 and 10 yard sprints," said Sayers. "He has good sense of field presence. He knows where he is on the field at all times. All good runners have that," said Sayers.

"There are certain things you cannot teach. You cannot teach a runner when to make the right cut. Walter instinctively knows how to do this. He's very strong and compact. What people don't realize is that speed is power. You don't have to be a 240-pound back and slow as an ox. If you are a good, quick runner, and you have the speed, and you hit somebody, then you're going to hurt that somebody."

Walter's mother, Mrs. Alyne Payton, says that an indication of Walter's strength is his strong-mindedness. "If he's got his mind made up, he won't change it no matter what they offer him," she says. "You can lead Walter anywhere you want him to go, but you can't drive him."

It was Mrs. Payton, in fact, who taught him his single-minded approach to life. She taught him about

money when he was just a boy. Walter was given a two-week lunch allowance and was expected to budget it. He did. His mother preached against smoking and drinking; he neither smoked nor drank.

She fretted about his education, and he maintained a B average in high school while going out for track, basketball, football, and baseball. She worried about his taking the car to the senior prom and staying out all night.

He returned early, the car in one piece. "You ruined my party," he said to her, "with your talk about wrecks on the highway."

At Jackson State (Mississippi) he completed work for his degree—in special education—in three years. He became the number-one draft choice for the Bears.

Payton had more on his mind than football. As a youth he played the drums in the school band and worked hard at his studies. His mother urged him not to get "wild notions about this and that and end up doing nothing." She says he was always serious about everything.

She calls him Walter, though many friends and professional people call him "Sweetness." How did he get that name?

"In college," says Mrs. Payton, "he was running and cutting and going on one day in football. One of the other players said, 'How sweet it is!' and so they started calling him 'Sweetness.'"

"The whole family could see success in him—not in greatness or anything like that—but you could just see he was the type of guy who, if he wanted something, would go out and get it. There wasn't ever a hint of excitement from him. He just goes out and does it and that's it. . . .

"But all of this success hasn't changed him one bit. I honestly believe that. He's still his natural self. Down here in Mississippi, folks are tickled about his success. Some days it seems real and some days it doesn't. I tell him, 'You've got to put everything into it while you're doing it. Then you quit and go on to something else.'"

Before Walter Payton quits pro football, though, he still has a number of goals. One is a Super Bowl ring and another is that elusive record of O.J.'s.

"But I won't jump off a bridge if neither happens," he says. "If I'm meant to have either, I will. If not, so be it."

WALTER PAYTON

Running Back, Chicago Bears

Born: July 25, 1954, Columbia, Mississippi

Height: 5-10½ **Weight:** 204

College: Jackson State

Drafted by Chicago, First Round 1975

<i>Year</i>	<i>Att.</i>	<i>Yds.</i>	<i>Avg.</i>	<i>TDs</i>
1975	196	679	3.5	14
1976	311	1390	4.5	13
1977	339	1852	5.5	16
Totals	846	3921	4.6	43

TONY DORSETT

It is commonly believed around the National Football League that not since O.J. Simpson's debut in 1969 has any rookie running back been as sensational as Anthony Drew Dorsett.

Although he did not become a starter until the tenth game of the season, Dorsett still managed to rush for over 1,000 yards (1,007, to be exact), make the longest run of the year (an 84-yard touchdown gallop against Philadelphia), finish second behind Walter Payton in touchdowns scored (16 to 13), and score a touchdown and lead all rushers in the Super Bowl.

At the University of Pittsburgh, where he was a four-year star and 1977 winner of the Heisman Trophy (for the best college player in the country), he gained more yardage than any player in college history.

He was so highly rated as a pro prospect that the Dallas Cowboys gave up a first-round draft choice,



three second-round choices, and, joked one writer, an unlimited charge account at Neiman-Marcus department store, to the Seattle Seahawks for the draft rights to Tony. He signed for a reported salary of \$1.2 million for five years.

Yet for more than half the season he was a second-string running back behind the veteran Preston Pearson.

And in the first game he did start, against Pittsburgh in his hometown area, he was good but not great. He finished the game with one touchdown and one fat lip.

"I don't think I have anything particularly to be happy about," he said after the 28-13 loss to the Steelers.

Dorsett, a running star at nearby Hopewell High School in Aliquippa, had personally purchased 95 tickets at \$9.15 each for friends and relatives. And he got a warm ovation before the game from all the paying customers at Three Rivers Stadium.

He finished the game with 73 yards rushing in 17 carries and he caught four passes for 37 yards. "I didn't feel any pressure. I've been in pressure situations before," said Dorsett.

He rushed for 41 yards in the opening quarter—and scored his touchdown—but gained only 32 yards the rest of the game. He got his fat lip in the third quarter when Steeler rookie middle linebacker Dennis "Dirt" Winston blocked him near the goal line after a pass interception.

"Dirt Winston got me—Dirt can be very physical. I guess he wanted to make sure I didn't overpower him," said Dorsett, laughing. Dirt Winston at 6-1, 230, is two inches taller and 40 pounds heavier than Dorsett.

Tony's performance, however, was good enough to earn him the starting position in the Dallas backfield from then on.

The story of why Tony wasn't starting before is a curious saga in itself. First, there was a big wrangle over money before he signed. Then Tony got a minor thigh pull, which he nursed—over-nursed, he concedes.

"I was a little frustrated with myself afterwards," he says now. "I cheated myself in training camp. I didn't stay with my playbook. I didn't study enough. I think that's why it took me so long to learn the system. Now I know it, now I know the system. There's no hesitation on formation, position. When Roger [Staubach, the quarterback] calls it, I KNOW where it is, where it's going. And I'm gonna be versatile—run, catch, block."

Many people wondered why Dorsett hadn't started before this, especially when the coaches acknowledged that few people can run with a football the way Tony can. Few people could *ever* run with a football the way Tony can.

"The starter must beat out the other player clearly," said Tom Landry, the Dallas head coach. "Not only in my eyes, but in those of the other coaches and the other players."

In the week before the Cowboys were to play the Steelers in Pittsburgh the Dallas offensive coordinator, Dan Reeves, told Dorsett that he would be starting for the first time. The next day Landry mentioned it at a team meeting. Asked later if he had the feeling that his teammates believed then that he had shown he was better than Pearson, the rookie smiled.

"Nobody complained," he said.

But as much as that start represented Tony

Dorsett's return to Pittsburgh, where he had rushed for a record 6,082 yards at Pitt, it also represented an embarrassment for Preston Pearson, who lives there in the off-season.

"My timing was not the best," Landry acknowledges, "but I felt it had to be done then to have Tony ready for the playoffs."

"Sure," says Tony, "I was disappointed in not starting sooner, being the type of athlete I am. But I think the coach brought me along in fine fashion. And the type of person Preston is made it easier for me to accept."

Ironically, Pearson was playing for the Steelers when Dorsett first met him eight years before. Pearson visited Dorsett's high school when Tony was a sophomore. "You're small," Pearson told me, "to be a football player."

Pearson doesn't remember the remark or the meeting. Tony was just one of many kids that he met that day. Tony remembers it, but he doesn't resent it.

"I was small," he agrees with a smile, "about 145 pounds."

Tony the boy and Tony the man bear a resemblance. Tony was shy and still is. But even as a boy Tony was a superior athlete. He grew up in the steel-mill town of Aliquippa. The area in which he lived wasn't the slums but it was one of hard-working people.

"My brothers were good athletes," he remembers. "My thing was to go out and be better. Growing up at home, there were people telling me I was the worst, the sorriest of the Dorsett brothers, that I would be nothin'. Right there was one of the biggest motivating factors in my life. That made me want to go out and do something."

The difficulty was that Tony, small and thin, happened to be afraid of things. Football ranked pretty high on that list. In peewee league games he would shy away from contact so successfully that his uniform was spotless at game's end. En route home he'd drag his pants on the ground to pick up suitable stains. "Then I'd tell big stories about, 'Yeah, I did this and that.'"

"As a high-school junior I had an exceptional year. Even better as a senior. My freshman year at Pittsburgh I set records. A record, I think, in the second game (265 yards against Northwestern). Then we played Notre Dame and I rushed for 209 yards.

"I knew right then I had to be something. I had to be a half-way good running back."

Tony says he was happy that Dallas drafted him.

"Dallas has been a contender for many years," he said. "I was always a Cowboys' fan even in grade school; I almost got in fights with friends when the Cowboys lost to Green Bay. I wanted to go with them as much as I wanted to go with the Steelers.

"Look, I don't have to be the messiah type. If I went to Seattle, people would have expected me to do the unbelievable—probably bring them to the playoffs, even. Here I can go about it nice and easy. Dallas has won before without Tony Dorsett.

"I could have made a big deal about not starting, but that's not my style. Pearson didn't beat me out. He just kept his job. I'm not complaining about it. I did well when I got in there, and I knew my situation would eventually change. If not this year, then next season. I don't like being second best."

Pearson, too, knew that it was only a matter of time. "Tony could have made this difficult," said Pearson. "He didn't pout or moan about not starting.

It surprised me somewhat. Some people are spoiled in that situation, always being a star. I'm proud of him. He never said a bad word about me."

Pearson continued on Dorsett's ability: "If I had his quickness with what I know about the game, whoa! He's like a big, strong, wide-flowing river. But if you want some electrical power you have to put some boundaries on that river. You have to channel that river to get the power you want.

"You never know it all. I think I could learn more about reading defenses. But my running, that's instinctive. I don't know how much more I have to learn about running. And the only real way a person learns is by experience."

One of Dorsett's best performances came in his very first game. He went in for Pearson against St. Louis and wound up with 141 yards. No other game was nearly that terrific, until the twelfth game of the season, against Philadelphia.

Landry had said that what impressed him most about Dorsett was his tenacity. "He might be contained for three quarters but he would keep after it and break a long one in the fourth quarter," said Landry.

This is almost precisely what happened against the Eagles. By the third period Dorsett had run 16 times, the most he had ever been used at this stage of the game. He responded with 100 yards rushing, although his longest gain was only 18 yards. It was still a banner day for the halfback, and the Cowboys held a 17-14 lead.

At one point in the middle of the third period Dorsett was given the ball for five of the 10 plays in a march downfield that ended with a go-ahead field goal by Efren Herrera.

The very next time the Cowboys got the ball, Dorsett's number was called again. And the records came tumbling down. Dorsett took a handoff up the middle, cut behind a couple of blocks, zigged once, zagged a few other times, and scampered on to an 84-yard touchdown run. It proved to be the longest TD run in the NFL that season, bettering a 77-yarder set earlier in the year—also by Dorsett.

"It was the key play," said Landry afterward, "it broke the game open for us."

After that clinching touchdown the offensive line gathered in the bench area and heard that Dorsett had 184 yards for the day.

"Hey, we got to get 200 for the kid," said center John Fitzgerald.

Sure enough, Dorsett ran five more times and gained 22 yards more. It gave him 206 for the day. No Cowboy back has ever come within 50 yards of that total.

"Landry ran me quite a few times today," said Dorsett after the game. "It was sort of the way I was used in college."

Right now it appears his pro career will mirror his college career in another way: he will not be second best.

TONY DORSETT

Running Back, Dallas Cowboys

Born: April 7, 1954, Aliquippa, Pennsylvania

Height: 5-11 **Weight:** 192

College: Pittsburgh

Drafted by Dallas, First Round, 1977

<i>Year</i>	<i>Att.</i>	<i>Yds.</i>	<i>Avg.</i>	<i>TDs</i>
1977	208	1007	4.8	13

ROGER STAUBACH

Of course, football fans know him as the ultimate All-American boy. Eagle Scout to the core, and all that. Strong religious ties, a firm family man, a dedicated athlete, and high achiever. No screwball, he.

This is the world's estimation of Roger Staubach, quarterback extraordinaire of the Super Bowl champion Dallas Cowboys.

Well, your basic square All-American was seated one afternoon in the outer office of the Cowboys' owner Tex Schramm. Staubach had an appointment and waited patiently—what else?—for Schramm to complete a telephone call. It was long distance—long, long distance. The call went on for an hour while Staubach waited, and waited, and waited.

Even a Sunday-afternoon hero such as Roger can get antsy. So he did what every red-blooded American male would do under the same circumstances—well, perhaps not *every*. What

Roger did was crawl out onto a ledge on the other side of Schramm's office, wait for an opportune moment, and then, arms outstretched like an eagle, jump in front of the window, which faced Schramm's desk. The ledge, unprotected and only about three feet wide, was 11 stories above the ground.

"Tex turned about as white as a sheet of paper," recalled Tula Johnapelus, an office secretary.

"Roger got my attention," Schramm conceded with a shudder.

Nor is he Goody Two-Shoes to his teammates. "Roger's got a pretty good image off the field," said Tom Rafferty, an offensive lineman for the Cowboys, "but you ought to hear him in a huddle."

At home he is not placed on a pedestal either.

After the Cowboys lost to the Los Angeles Rams, 14-12, in the 1976 playoffs, Staubach brooded at home for days. Finally, his eight-year-old daughter Stephanie, a soccer star, let him have it: "Well, Daddy," she said, "you have one more day to get happy, then it's Christmas."

Despite an enormous amount of success on the football field, twice leading the Cowboys to Super Bowl titles and quarterbacking them to the playoffs year after year, he still must confront crusty newspaper reporters and catcalling fans.

After one game last season against Philadelphia the Texas Stadium gallery booed their upstanding quarterback for throwing an interception. Even though the Cowboys won, and Staubach was still rated as the number-two passer in the National Football Conference, the press threw darts.

"That's the hazard of playing quarterback," said Dallas coach Tom Landry. "When you don't perform you'll get a reaction because everyone watches the

quarterback. We would acknowledge, and Roger would acknowledge, that he's not playing as well as he'd like." Landry went on to say that it was basically because of a finger injury that Staubach wasn't the Staubach of old.

At this time the playoffs were about to begin. Would Roger be starting?

"I don't know of a quarterback in the league I'd rather have going into the playoffs," said Landry. "I'm very satisfied with him."

In the very first playoff game, against Chicago, Staubach was field general as the Cowboys slugged the Bears, 37-7. Staubach passed for 134 yards on eight completions in 13 attempts. Once again he was a master, working in harmony with Landry, who calls most of the plays from the sidelines.

In the NFC championship game against Minnesota Staubach was again at the top of his form. His 32-yard pass to Golden Richards for a touchdown set the mood of the day, which ended in a Dallas win, 23-6.

In the Super Bowl it was the same story. The drama of this game went beyond team competition. Several seasons back Staubach had beaten out Denver's signal caller, Craig Morton, for the Dallas quarterbacking job. And so there was a tendency in the press to report on ill feelings in the rivalry between Staubach and Morton.

"I have always believed that Craig was an underrated quarterback," said Staubach. "I don't see anyone who can throw the ball better."

Roger laughed, recalling the time in 1973 when the two were competing head-to-head for the Dallas job. "Craig would be coming into the game, and I'd be going to the sidelines. We'd pass each other like

two ships in the night. In 1973, when I was picked for the starting job, he asked to be traded, and went to the Giants.

"He accepted the fact I got No. 1 like a team man. He adjusted to it."

In the Super Bowl Morton was rushed like crazy and ended up frustrated and disappointed. Staubach led drive after drive as Dallas clearly held control. Staubach's 45-yard touchdown pass to Butch Johnson in the third quarter was the straw that broke the Broncos' back. The final score was 27-10 for Dallas.

True to his golden image, Staubach diverted credit for the win. "We won because of great defensive play," said Staubach. "Offensively, we were just out there. We made some good plays, but offensively we weren't a great football team. We got the ball in the end zone a few times. But the defense deserves the credit. Winning is all that matters. It's fantastic. We've won two of them (Super Bowls) now, and not many teams have done *that*."

"As the weeks go by, we'll appreciate it even more. But right now it's ecstasy, a lot of accomplishment after a long year."

It's also a lot of accomplishment in the long athletic life of Roger Staubach.

As a kid growing up in Cincinnati Roger was interested as much in baseball as in football. He believes playing baseball helped him in football, giving him a smooth passing delivery. His all-time hero is Ted Kluszewski, the former power hitter of the Cincinnati Reds.

Enrolled at the Naval Academy in Annapolis, Maryland, Staubach was a two-time All-American, winning the Heisman Trophy in his last year. Besides

breaking virtually every quarterback record in his college, Staubach also earned letters in basketball and baseball. He hit .420 one year as the school's center-fielder.

He chose a career in the Navy but in 1969 decided to try out with the Cowboys. "We were happy to have Roger try out," recalls Landry. "But to be honest, I thought there was no way anybody would ever play in the National Football League after having been away from football for four years."

Since then Staubach has twice led the NFL in passing (1971 and 1973); he was the Most Valuable Player in Super Bowl VI; he ranks first or second in every career passing category in Cowboy history.

Praise has come from all corners for Staubach. Houston coach, Bum Phillips, said, "Staubach is the difference in that team and he would be the same wherever he was. I think he plays to his ability more than anyone else I know. To me he is the kind of guy who does whatever it takes to win."

Said pro coach Hank Stram, "Nothing seems to bother Roger, even though people are flying by him. His concentration is so good, he's geared into the receiver so well. He gives Dallas that extra dimension you have to have when you win big."

And Dallas wide receiver Drew Pearson says, "When Roger rolls, we roll."

Staubach, however, believes that when Landry rolls, the team rolls. In almost all cases Landry calls the plays. Staubach carries out the orders.

Yet sometimes Staubach moves against Landry's better judgment. This is part of the success of their relationship. Landry does permit some flexibility in his system.

Landry would, it is true, like Roger to take the play

as it comes instead of trying to salvage a little yardage by scrambling. Staubach also is aware that he does not throw the ball away enough. Yet, when he did ground the ball once during the NFC title game, the pass did not look enough like a pass, and the official penalized the Cowboys 11 yards and a down.

Nor is Landry too proud to give an ear to his quarterback on occasion. "I listen," says Landry, "but I have the right to have the play I want."

No argument from Staubach on that.

"Tom Landry is the Dallas Cowboys," said Staubach. "He put together the system. It's his baby."

Observed John Niland, the former all-pro guard with the Cowboys: "Tom punches the computer, calls the play, does everything but hand the ball off. Roger is a great lieutenant."

Infrequently, though, the "great lieutenant" and the "All-American boy" can be, as we have seen, mischievous. Even to the stern admiral of his ship, Landry.

In the last game of the regular season, against Denver, victory was assured—14-6. In the closing seconds Landry sent Staubach into the game with instructions to "hang onto the ball."

Staubach replied, "Let me hand the ball off." Pause. "If I just take the ball and fall to the ground it'll hurt my running average."

Staubach suppressed a laugh and waited for a response from his coach.

Nothing. No crack in that stone visage.

"He didn't do anything," said Staubach. "I mean, he didn't even look at me."

Staubach should have known better: The way to get someone's attention is to jump onto his window ledge.

ROGER STAUBACH
Quarterback, Dallas Cowboys

Born: February 5, 1942, Cincinnati, Ohio

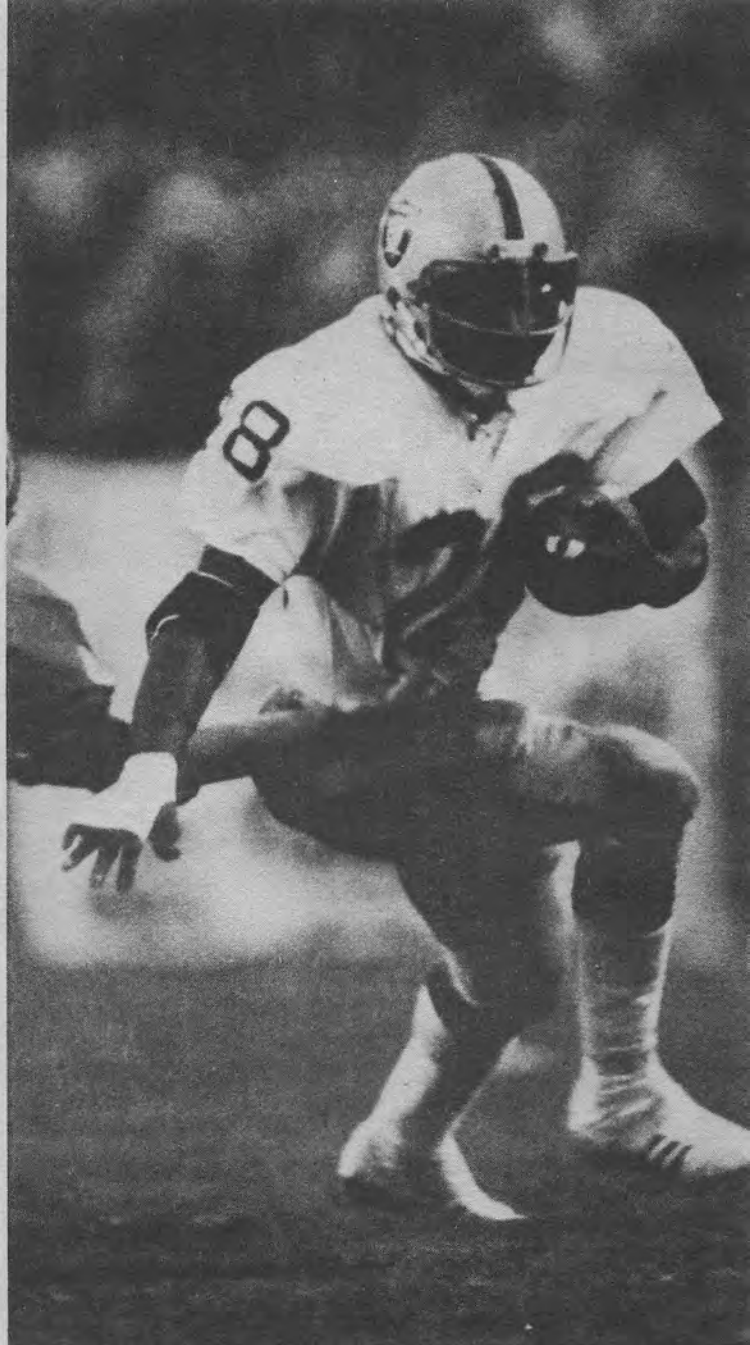
Height: 6-3 **Weight:** 202

College: U.S. Naval Academy

Drafted by Dallas, Tenth Round, as a future, 1964

<i>Year</i>	<i>Att.</i>	<i>Comp.</i>	<i>Passing Yds.</i>	<i>TDs</i>
1969	47	23	421	1
1970	82	44	542	2
1971	211	126	1882	15
1972	20	9	98	0
1973	286	179	2428	23
1974	360	190	2552	11
1975	348	198	2666	17
1976	369	208	2715	14
1977	361	210	2620	18
Totals	2084	1187	15924	101





LYLE ALZADO

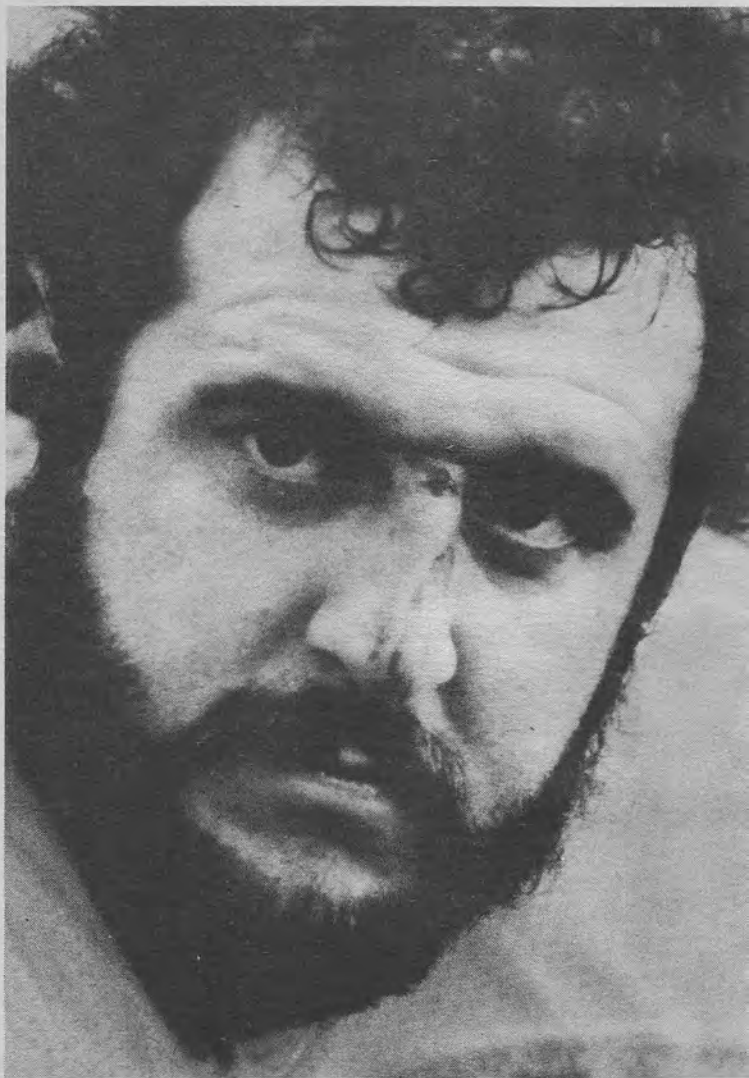
"Lyle Alzado looks like something out of the Bible, an Old Testament prophet with fierce, burning eyes, a rabbinical beard, long black locks—a John the Baptist in cleats," wrote Jim Murray of the Los Angeles *Times*.

"There is a smoldering violence about him. If he came in a box, you'd put him in water before opening. He was a New York street kid, wild, dangerous. Destination: the electric chair."

The hot seat may have been where Alzado was headed as a youth, but he wound up instead the star defensive lineman for the 1978 Super Bowl Denver Broncos.

For the 6-3, 260-pound Alzado the journey from the streets of Brooklyn to the Superdome in New Orleans is the stuff of legends.

"I was born in Brooklyn and my dad was never around," he said. His dad was Maurice Alzado, half-Italian and half-Spanish, a legendary brawler and



Lyle Alzado

ne'er-do-well whose means of livelihood, except for the time he operated a bar called The Golden Dream, were a mystery to his son.

Lyle's earliest memories of his father centers around a dump lot where the two were dropping engines out of cars.

Lyle recalls his father asking, "How many miles does it say on the speedometer, boy?"

"Fifty million, Dad."

Today he reasons it must have been 50,000.

"I hadn't heard from Dad for eight or nine years," said Alzado. "But after a game against Oakland, Dave Frei (a publicity man for the Broncos) said my dad called and left a number."

Alzado did not call his father back.

"I love my dad but I don't respect what he did to my family. We never had anything but he always walked around with a roll of money that could choke a horse."

Alzado relied on his mother. She worked for \$80 a week. "There wasn't much food around," said Lyle. "No clothes to wear. It was pretty rough."

Alzado grew up brawling. He carried a straight razor on the streets of Brooklyn. His nickname was "Animal." He threw guys out of bars for a living before he was 16 years old. He has knife scars on all his fingers, as do a lot of guys who fought him.

He was jailed on numerous occasions. One night he found himself in the Nassau County jail on Long Island. He threw off all his clothes and began to jump up and down naked, screaming through the bars.

An old drunk looked up blearily. "Shut up and sit down, kid. You're just a bum like me. You're going to spend the rest of your life in places like this, just like me."

Why was he jumping up and down? Because cameras follow the prisoners everywhere at that prison. He did his strip-tease act to defy the cameras.

But when that bum nearby called *him* a bum, Lyle felt ashamed.

"When I look back," he says, "that guy did me the biggest favor of my life. Nobody had ever talked to me like that before. I could see it was true."

Lyle recalls that he put away the razor and began to open books.

He had been coerced to play high-school football by counselors who apparently were tougher than he was. And he now responded to their discipline. He began to vent his violence on the football field.

Although many people view football as a violent game, Lyle reasoned that the people on the field were not carrying switchblades. This was more civilized than almost anything else he had ever known. "I wanted to go to college," he said, "but it was tough. New Mexico State offered me a scholarship. Then they sent for my records. One was my academic record. Along with that came my police record.

"I received a letter that said simply, 'We don't need your kind at our school.'"

Junior college was another matter. He enrolled at Kilgore College in Texas, where the majorettes were more renowned than the football players. After that he transferred to Yankton College, South Dakota, where he majored in physical education.

One afternoon in the gymnasium he met a retarded child. After spending some time with the boy, Alzado decided to switch his major to special education. His dream now, he says, is to build a school and home for retarded children in Denver—a \$1-million project.

At Yankton his football prowess was recognized as never before. He led his team to sixth-place ranking among small colleges in the nation. He was Most Valuable Player in the Copper Bowl. Selected for the College All-Star game, he also became the first player ever taken in the NFL draft from Yankton.

During his college days he was also an amateur boxer. He was the Golden Gloves regional (Omaha) heavyweight champion and once had 27 straight wins.

His strength is almost legendary. They say he could lift a freight car and, in fact, he has bench-pressed 500 pounds and dead-lifted 595. Combine that with amazing quickness and you have one of the best defensive ends in pro football. He has been in that category for most of the eight seasons he has played in the league.

However, few really appreciated his abilities since the Broncos were generally a losing team.

"Most people didn't think Denver had any defensive line," said Jim Murray. "I mean, you couldn't tell it by the scores. To tell the truth, outside of Alzado, they really didn't."

Times have changed. Bill Thompson at safety, Randy Gradishar at middle linebacker, and Louis Wright, Bob Swenson, Tom Jackson, Paul Smith, and Barney Chavous make up one of the roughest defensive units in all of football. They became known as "The Orange Crush," both for the orange of their uniforms and for the ferocity of their attack.

Dallas Coach Tom Landry complained that the Broncos played as if they were surrounded, with their backs to the sea. And Denver's new coach Red Miller urged his defensive unit to play "like cornered yard dogs."

In the 1977 season the Broncos led the American Conference in defense against the rush. One big reason is that they were lighter and quicker on the defensive line than most teams.

Alzado had played at 250 pounds in 1976. Before the 1977 season he was told by Miller to come into camp at 240. Alzado thought it was a mistake. So did some others. But the coaches wanted extra quickness.

"When I first came into the league in 1971," said Alzado, "defensive linemen were all 265, 270. Now, they're 235, 240."

He added that in his estimation, Denver has the best pursuit of any team in pro football.

"Let me tell you—you got to fight for a tackle out there. Even if it comes to your side, one of these guys is liable to come from the back side and get him before you do. It's like a beehive, like bees swarming to honey."

Alzado also gave much credit to defensive coordinator Joe Collier. "Joe has it so sophisticated, he moves us around so much from week to week that it's difficult for anybody to pick up anything, to type us, to be able to say, 'Well, in this situation, they'll be in a four-man front, or a three-man front.'

"Against the Cards on opening day, I remember that we played a three-man front the first half. Then we came out in the second half with a four-man defensive line.

"You could see Jim Hart come out of the huddle, up to the line of scrimmage, and look across there and wonder what the hell was going on. And he's a top quarterback, one of the best."

Denver shut out St. Louis, 7-0. At one point in the first quarter the Broncos stopped the Cards on fourth

and one at Denver's four. They halted several other St. Louis drives as well and shut down the Card's final stab in the closing minutes. They were swarming like bees to honey.

"Two years ago," says Lyle, "we would have lost that game. But this time there was just no way we were going to let the Cards score on us. No way."

The Broncos went crashing through the rest of the schedule, straight through the playoffs to the Super Bowl, where they met up with Dallas. The Broncos' rugged defense caused a number of turnovers by the Cowboys. But the offense couldn't match it, and the Cowboys pulled off a 27-10 Super Bowl victory.

"We're a relatively young team," said Lyle afterward. "We have no regrets. We took this as a learning experience. Hey, we were one of the two best teams in all of football. And we practically came out of nowhere to arrive here. No one thought we'd be here at the start of the season. Right?"

Lyle Alzado still controls the line of scrimmage the way he ran his old neighborhood. But he does it within legal means and with great skill and the respect of his professional peers.

At one point in the season he invited his mother to a game. It was the one and only game she had ever seen. It was a bone-crushing affair against the Chicago Bears. Alzado says she was horrified. "I don't know how you can play a game like that, hurting people," she said. "It's disgusting!"

But not nearly so horrible or disgusting as what he used to do on the streets of their old neighborhood in Brooklyn.

In fact, because of his community work with the United Fund, with the Special Olympics for retarded children, and with the multiple sclerosis campaign,

Lyle Alzado was named 1977 Man of the Year in Denver.

LYLE ALZADO

Defensive End, Denver Broncos

Born: April 3, 1949, Brooklyn, New York

Height: 6-3 ***Weight:*** 260

College: Yankton (S.D.)

Drafted by Denver, Fourth Round, 1971

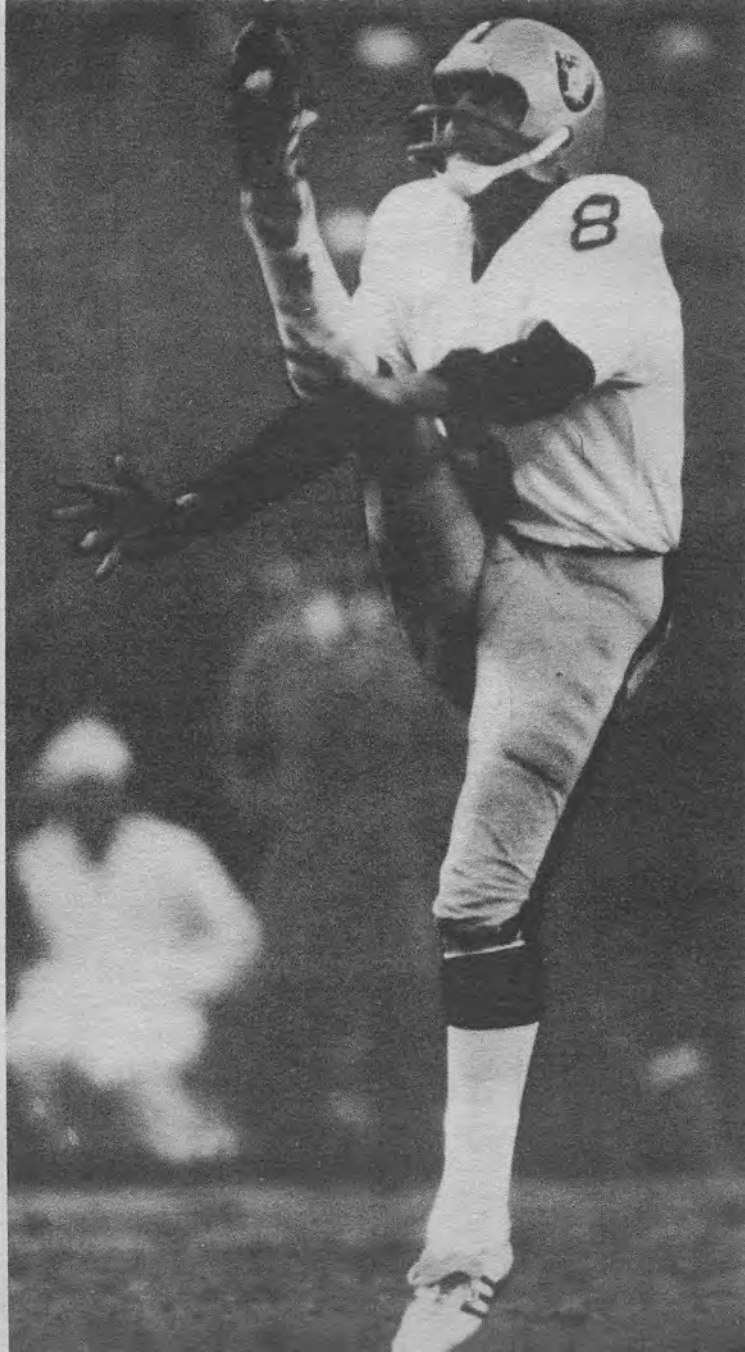
RAY GUY

A quiet, modest, thin-lipped, slim young man named Ray Guy was accused last season of a most nefarious act.

Guy, the extraordinary punter for the Oakland Raiders, was charged by Houston Oiler coach Bum Phillips of kicking a ball pumped up with helium. Phillips reasoned that no normal human being could kick a football as high and as far as Ray does without the football being doctored.

Before a game with the Raiders Phillips had a crony swipe one of Oakland's balls to check for illegal air. To his dismay he found that the ball Oakland plays with is precisely the kind that the Oilers play with. Later, Phillips apologized to the Raiders and to Guy and admitted that it was he, Phillips, who was full of hot air.

The flap didn't bother Guy, who seems unflappable. "Ray is absolutely fearless," says Raider general manager Al Davis. "He's one kicker who



doesn't get nervous, and I think this is because he's a kicker second and an athlete first."

During the early years of his career, in fact, kicking seemed the least of his skills. Unlike many other NFL kickers (most of whom, it is said, were born in Norway) Guy was a star athlete in four sports in his Thomson, Georgia, high school. He was quarterback of the state champion football team. In four years he won 16 letters, including four each in baseball, basketball, and track, where he occasionally placed in four events: mile relay, 440 relay, discus, and broad jump.

For the baseball team Guy was a right-handed pitcher who averaged almost 15 strikeouts per game. He was drafted twice by the Cincinnati Reds (in high school and again in college) and by Atlanta and Kansas City.

But he liked football best and went on to play free safety for Southern Mississippi, where he was a four-year letter man. That university also gave the Kansas City Chiefs their punter, Jarrel Wilson. (The Raiders say that if Guy were another step faster, he could be playing safety for them now.)

Guy began kicking footballs at the age of six in his hometown of Swainsboro, Georgia. Two older brothers served as his receivers. By the time he reached high school he was regularly kicking 40 yards or more. He was recruited for college primarily for his kicking.

Then came the pro draft. Says Guy: "Kickers usually go on the sixth round or the seventh. I like to go whomp, fall on the floor, when I heard they'd picked me in the first round."

For good reason. Guy led the nation in punting his senior year in 1972, averaging 46.2 yards per kick,

the third best single-season average in National Collegiate Athletic Association history. One of his kicks was for 93 yards, the fourth longest punt in the history of major college football.

When Guy showed up at the Raiders' training camp, the other players looked at him. He thought he heard snickers—other players couldn't believe that a *punter* could be a first-round draft pick. The laughing got louder the first time Guy tried a kick in practice. He shanked a kick off the side of his foot, and it rolled a few yards away, looking like a wounded duck. He tried again. This time he thumped one 65 yards. Then he began sailing them high and far, to the awe of his teammates and opponents.

In his first year he averaged 42.4 yards per kick. The next season it was an astounding 47.7, to lead the league. In 1975 he again led the league with a 43.8 average. In 1976 he missed the league leadership by about a yard per kick, finishing at 41.6 to Buffalo's Marv Bateman at 42.8. But in 1977 he returned to the top of the punting heap with a 43.3 average. His longest was 74 yards.

What happened in 1976? Did Guy slip?

"No," said his coach, John Madden. "In Ray's case, the statistics were meaningless. We asked him to punt many times that season from around mid-field, where distance wasn't so important. We wanted him to place the ball inside the other team's 20-yard line. Ray did it perfectly.

"We even punted a few times from the other team's 35. That may sound close, but with the goalposts behind the end zone now, it means a 52-yard field goal, so we told Ray to try to angle a punt out of bounds as close to the other team's goal line as possible."

When Guy is not placing the ball, he is kicking it so high that his teammates can get under it with enough time to prevent a good runback. This is called "hang time" in pro football.

Knowledgeable football people believe that the return yardage of running backs is a better indication of good punting than average distance. Each year Guy is a leader in this department as well. He led in 1976. In 1977 he was second to Michel of Miami. In 59 tries Guy's kicks were returned for 217 yards. Michel had 202 yards but in only 35 kicks. But in average yards returned per kick, Guy again led, seven yards to eight for Michel.

Few in football deny that Guy is the best. He has made the All-Pro team for the consecutive five seasons he has been in the league. He remains the only punter chosen as a first-round draft pick. He is also the only punter to hit the instant replay screen on the ceiling of the Superdome in New Orleans.

What makes him so special? Guy says, "I've never given it any thought."

Dallas president Tex Schramm says, "In the heyday of Jack Nicklaus, which might be right now, but whenever you think it was, there were a dozen other really great golfers. He was simply much the best. Think back over the history of any sport. Very often there has been one guy who stood out above the superstars—just as Guy stands out in punting. It just happens."

Al Davis says, "It happens in everything. Sandy Koufax had it, Muhammad Ali had it. O.J. Simpson, Elizabeth Taylor. They were born with it. The rest of us have to work for it."

The key to Guy's success is that he is an all-round athlete who decided to specialize—but he doesn't

like to be singled out as a specialist.

"Everybody specializes in pro football," he says. "Walter Payton is a specialist. Bert Jones is a specialist and so is Kenny Stabler. I don't envy them. I'm very happy to be doing what I'm doing. It's a great feeling to be on top. Isn't that everybody's goal?"

Of course, some people just want to do the best they can—and not necessarily try to outdo or top someone else. Truly confident people, it is sometimes said, don't have to prove that they are number one, that they can always beat everyone else. Professional athletes, however, are not known for such a highly philosophical or detached way of thinking. They are paid to win, to beat their opponents, and to do it with flair.

Guy is exemplary here. He is beautiful to watch as a kicker. At 6-4, 200 pounds, he has unusually long legs. A 5-9 reporter once noted that his torso was just as long as Guy's. But the legs on the latter made all the difference.

"Long legs help," says Guy, "because it's the whip of the leg that gives a punter his power. It's like throwing a fly rod. You bring it back and wait for the line to get straightened out, then whip it. The principle is the same in fishing or punting. A punter's weight doesn't matter much. The size of the thighs is immaterial. The real question is, how flexible is his leg.

"When standing, I've always been able to get my leg back a long way," he said. "And when I whip it forward, it takes only a split second to get my foot over my head. I whip it so hard that sometimes I hit myself in the face mask with my knee. The follow-through takes me a foot and a half off the ground."

In college Guy was a place-kicker as well as a punter, but not in the pros. Why?

"Kicking a field goal and punting are like night and day," he said. "To kick field goals you've got to keep the ankle locked and the toe up. In punting you keep the toe down. The punter wants distance—he wants the ball to nose over so it will go through the air better—so he holds the toe down. But a place kicker is trying for something else altogether. He wants quick height. And you get this by keeping the toe pulled back. A whole different set of muscles have to be trained for punting and place kicking—it's the shin muscles for field goals, and the calf muscles—those behind the knee—for punts."

What makes a great punter?

"I'd say a sense of rhythm," said Guy. "You can't be erratic in your approach to the ball. You can't jerk around. You have to be smooth."

"And it takes the ability to concentrate. A punter is the only player on the field who is completely on his own. And it's hard to concentrate when you're standing back there 15 yards away from everybody else in the stadium and there are 70,000 people looking down at you. In a spot like that you feel all those eyes. You feel the solitude, the loneliness. You want to hide and there's no place to hide, as there is, at times, for the other players. You're all alone, and if you don't ignore the rush and everything else and concentrate 100 percent on what you've got to do, you're in trouble."

Guy also outlined a few specifics of his art and science.

"I'm a three-step punter—or rather 2½," he said. "When the center snaps the ball, I go up to meet it, stepping forward with my left foot. This is really a half-step. A lot of punters wait for the ball to come to them, but that takes another half-second and I want

to hit it in 2 seconds or 2.1 at most. Next I step right, and now the ball is situated in my hands. The second left step, just before the kick, is longer but not too much longer. I try to kick the ball right in the middle. That's where the most air is—in the biggest part of the ball. I drop it to the knee height before kicking—lower if I'm kicking into the wind.

"I meet the ball where the arch starts. There's kind of a cradle there, and I let the ball fall into the cradle—not straight ahead along my foot, but sort of cross-wise The rest is whip action of the leg."

RAY GUY

Kicker, Oakland Raiders

Born: December 22, 1949, Swainsboro, Georgia

Height: 6-3 **Weight:** 190

College: Southern Mississippi

Drafted by Oakland, First Round, 1973

Year	No.	Yards	Avg.
1973	69	3127	45.3
1974	74	3124	42.2
1975	68	2979	43.8
1976	67	2785	41.6
1977	59	2552	43.3
Totals	337	14567	43.3

BILLY JOHNSON

The football plummets from dizzying heights, as the lone kick returner watches it and waits. Thundering upfield toward him is a 1½-ton monster with 22 arms and 22 legs and 352 teeth, give or take a few fangs and snaggles. The “monster” is 11 very large men acting as one.

The monster is intent upon trampling the lone punt or kickoff returner. He knows this. What he hopes to do is concentrate on nothing but catching that ball and then giving the monster an assortment of hip and shoulder fakes while scampering on past for a good gain.

Sometimes he does. Sometimes he doesn't.

The returner we focus on is the remarkable Billy “White Shoes” Johnson of the Houston Oilers. In only three seasons he became the National Football League's all-time punt return leader, running back 108 punts for 1,424 yards and a 13.2 average. In 1977 he again led the NFL in punt-return average,



returning 35 punts for 539 yards, a 15.4 average.

Billy Johnson is only 5-8, weighs 165, wears contact lenses to correct nearsightedness, is loaded down with allergies, and suffers from weak ankles.

None of these afflictions presents much of an obstacle to Billy's being simply sensational.

Now we watch Billy take the kick. Number 84 on his jersey looks very large since there is relatively little torso to cover. He wears white shoes. Sometimes when he runs, the shoes get blurry; he runs the 100 in 9.4. He is as fast as any man in pro football.

In the 1975 Pro Bowl Billy took a punt return for a 90-yard touchdown. Last season he sped for three TDs after returning kicks: he swivels, he hips, he dips, he slinks and slips; then, with a powerful burst as if shot from a cannon, he whizzes down the sidelines, the monster huffing and puffing behind him.

When he reaches the end zone, he does the weird dance that has become his trademark. He calls it "rubber legs." Others call it "funky chicken" or "broken legs" or "bush."

As he holds the ball up like the Statue of Liberty with her torch, Billy does a wobbly victory jig on his toes. It's a kind of tippy-toe Charleston.

In the last few seasons a number of NFL players have taken to doing various dances in the end zone after scoring touchdowns. Some dance around as if they are whooping for rain. Some spike the ball. Some crawl about on their knees like fainting supplicants. These antics delight the fans, hype one's teammates, but invariably irk the opposition.

"I guess it does seem a little slick," Billy has said. "The purpose is to lift everybody's spirits. I did it in college when I scored, and everybody felt better, including me. I also realize I can't do it all the time. It

puts a price on my head. Some cornerback is liable to see it, not like it, and decide he needs to do something to me."

Billy did learn at the Pro Bowl game a few years back that there were some "rubberlegs" admirers around the league. He remembers Pittsburgh defensive end L.C. Greenwood telling American Conference teammates, "Let's block for 'Shoes' so we can see him dance." Billy claims the blocking was so superb he raced for 233 yards that day, including the 90-yard TD scamper.

However, Billy is aware that some defenders home in on him. So far, fortunately, not many have made solid contact. Johnson understands that one good crunching could terminate a very lovely career.

"I don't have much cushion when I get hit," he says. "So I try to jump out of bounds at the last second or fall down so they don't get a good shot at me."

Johnson says the man who did the most damage to him was Mike Williams of San Diego. He leveled "Shoes" with a solid blow to the chest seconds after Billy had pulled in a punt. Billy was not knocked unconscious, but he lay stunned and motionless on the grass. He feared something was broken. Nothing was, although a slight dent had been put in his ego.

A few plays later, though, Billy, who is a wide receiver for Houston as well as kick returner, made a spectacular diving catch in the end zone on a 46-yard pass play. The man he beat for the TD was the same Williams.

With more enthusiasm than ever Billy went into his "rubberlegs" thing. Williams, walking back to his bench, never turned to look.

Although Johnson is the Oilers' second-best pass

receiver, behind the redoubtable Ken Burroughs, he specializes in punt and kickoff returns. He is the co-holder of the NFL record for most TDs scored on returns in a season, 3, and he did that twice.

Although "White Shoes" makes his kick returning look easy, Jerry LeVias, who held most of the Oiler punt return records prior to Billy's arrival, says it can be a dangerous occupation. "You can't afford to listen to the crowd or anything," says LeVias. "You're almost paralyzed watching the ball from the moment it's kicked. It may be spinning this way or that way. It'll drift and swirl like a cyclone. A guy might kick a ball right down the middle and you end up catching it on the hash marks. Believe me, there's a talent to just catching the ball.

"Then you've got your man giving you the call, and the defensive people coming down on you. You hear 'em. And then there's the opposing bench hollering at you, hoping they can make you muff the ball. There you are, with your head, hoping for a block.

"You know, sometimes when you say you're a punt returner, people think you're not good enough to do something else. Well, don't believe that. Go and ask for volunteers in training camp for people to catch punts and see what happens. You'll get 'Hell, no.'"

Speedy Duncan, once a kick return record holder for the Washington Redskins, was a 180-pounder with an ulcer.

"I know these guys coming down on me been eating nails and stuff for breakfast," said Duncan. "I know they want to eat me alive and toss the bones on the sidelines.

"The trick is to get a quick start. And to move in several directions at one time in a split of a second."

Everyone agrees that Billy Johnson does it well. He is so speedy, so shifty, that he even gives the giant linemen the willies. There is something else "Shoes" can do that is highly unusual. He can leap like a man on a pogo stick, bounding over guys diving to tackle him.

At Widener College, he used to jump over parked cars for a joke. "One afternoon, a college teammate named Richie Weaver and I were walking around after practice and feeling kinda crazy. There was this car in the parking lot, and I told him I could jump over it. He didn't believe me, so I jumped over the hood."

Weaver told others about the leap. "We had some fun after that, making bets with people about whether I could do it. I must have jumped six or seven times and would have jumped more if the price was right. I usually jumped over the hood with a one-step start but I did jump over the top of a Volkswagen. I needed two steps for that one."

Billy has been an extraordinary athlete since he first joined an organized football league in his hometown of Marcus Hook, Pennsylvania. He was 10 years old, stood 4-11, and weighed 83 pounds. The coach said no one under 90 pounds could play but Billy sneaked in. One day he volunteered to play linebacker and suffered a broken wrist when he tried to tackle a kid about twice his size. He went on, however, to star at quarterback for his high school team.

He turned down a football scholarship at the University of Illinois because recruiters indicated he would be used as a wide receiver. "And I wanted to run with the ball then," he said.

He chose little Widener College instead. And did he ever run with the ball! He was the two-time NCAA Division II rushing leader, with 1,494 yards in 1972

and 1,556 yards in 1973. His career rushing average was 8.8 yards per carry.

"After my junior year in college," said Billy, "I began to think about playing pro ball. I always knew I could catch the ball and thought I could make a team as a return specialist and maybe a wide receiver. I really felt good the next fall when all the scouts came around and wanted to talk to me." He also remembers purchasing shoes with four-inch heels to impress the scouts. "The only problem with that," said Johnson, "was that they always wanted to measure me without the shoes on."

Johnson did not get picked on the first round of the college draft. Or the second or third or fourth or fifth.

In the New York hotel where the college draft was conducted Oiler scouts were pleading with Houston head coach and general manager Sid Gillman to pick up Billy. Gillman said he had no room for a midget on the team.

Finally, on the 15th round, Gillman relented. "Okay," he said to the scouts, "we'll take your boy."

Billy Johnson became the 365th player chosen in the 1974 draft—less than auspicious, to say the least.

A few months later Gillman was a believer. "He's a thoroughbred," said the flinty Gillman. "If I had known he was this good I would have taken him on the first round."

The Oilers were 7-7 in Billy's rookie season. The next season they were 10 and 4. Joe Madro, then the offensive line coach, said, "Billy did as much as anyone to turn this thing around. Why, the last two years we just closed our eyes on punting situations. We didn't even have anyone who could catch the ball, much less return it for touchdowns."

After the 1975 season Johnson was selected for the Pro Bowl game and won the Most Valuable Player award.

He says it was one of the great thrills of his life. He stood very tall after that. And he didn't need shoes with four-inch heels to do it.

BILLY JOHNSON

Born: January 21, 1952, Marcus Hook, Pennsylvania

Height: 5-8 **Weight:** 165

College: Widener College

Drafted by Houston, Fifteenth Round, 1974

PUNT RETURNS

<i>Year</i>	<i>No.</i>	<i>Yards</i>	<i>Avg.</i>	<i>TD</i>	<i>LG</i>
1974	30	409	13.6	0	49
1975	40	612	15.3	3	83t
1976	38	403	10.6	0	46
1977	35	539	15.4	2	87
Totals	143	1963	13.7	5	—

KICKOFF RETURNS

<i>Year</i>	<i>No.</i>	<i>Yards</i>	<i>Avg.</i>	<i>TD</i>	<i>LG</i>
1974	29	785	27.1	0	67
1975	33	798	24.2	1	81t
1976	26	579	22.2	0	53
1977	25	640	25.6	1	76
Totals	113	2802	24.7	2	—

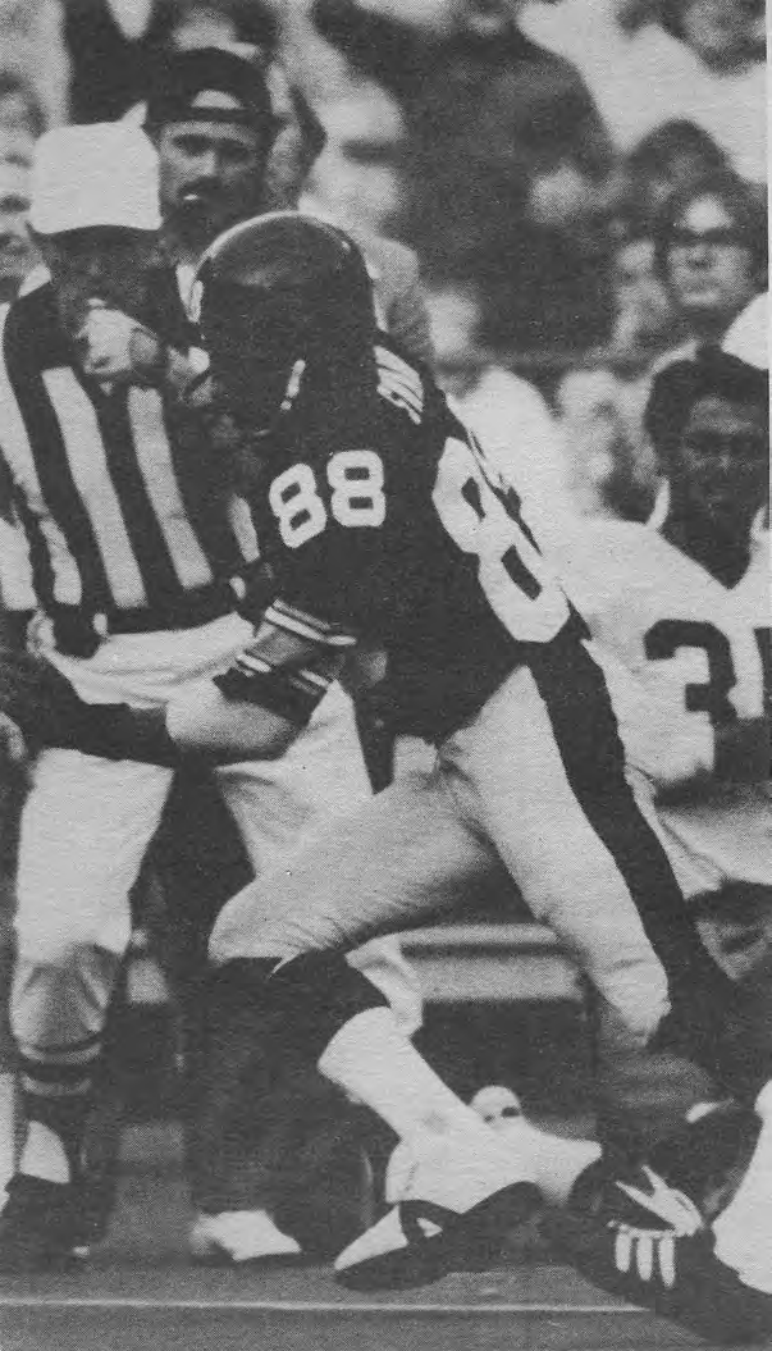
LYNN SWANN

It was supposed to be a routine pass play. Lynn Swann, the accomplished wide receiver for the Pittsburgh Steelers, would dash into the secondary, make a few jukes to throw off the Oakland defenders, then wheel to catch a pass from Terry Bradshaw that would invariably be on the button.

It was on the button, all right. But the play was hardly routine.

Swann always expects to be slammed upon receiving the ball. Hard-hitting customers are coming up from behind. As an all-pro end, the former All-American receiver at Southern Cal has developed the necessary ability to steel himself for a violent crack. But he never could have prepared himself for what followed next.

As he went up to catch the pass, he was hit so hard that it felt as if a wrecking ball had crashed against his helmet. Oakland safety George Atkinson came on with a forearm smash, and Swann went down. He



had to be taken off the field on a stretcher, suffering from a concussion. This play set off cries around the league as well as around the country, deploring the growing violence in football.

Swann's coach, Chuck Noll, blasted Atkinson for representing the "criminal element" in professional football. He said roughness of that nature was totally unnecessary and degraded the game. Atkinson countered that he was doing his job, that it was a clean hit, and that he was going to sue Noll for slander.

He sued and lost. The league fined Atkinson \$1,500, considered low by Swann and others who were highly critical of the play.

Meanwhile, Swann was having severe problems. He was in terrible pain from the blow. He had a headache for a couple of days, there was ringing in his ears, dizziness, and vomiting. He couldn't see straight. Doctors explained that his brain was bruised and bleeding.

The incident had occurred in the first game of the regular season. It did not end Swann's career. It did not even end his season! Instead, he returned to lead his team in pass receiving for the second straight year. And once again he proved his excellence in crucial situations. As the Steelers battled to gain a playoff berth, Swann caught 12 passes for three TDs in the last three regular-season games, including a remarkable outing in the snow in Cincinnati, when his five receptions kept the momentum going for the Steelers.

In the next two playoff games he caught eight passes for two touchdowns.

However, his overall statistics were decidedly lower in 1976 than in the previous season. That year

he caught 49 passes for 781 yards and 11 TDs. In 1976 he caught 28 passes for 516 yards and three touchdowns.

During that winter and spring, Swann had second thoughts about returning to football. He toured Europe for three weeks, traveling alone.

"I mean alone," he said. "I was totally by myself for three weeks. Everybody spoke a different language than I did. I had nobody to communicate with except myself. It gave me time to evaluate what had happened to me in the last few years. I realized that I had gone from one level of my life to another, from college football to the pros, from Southern California, where I was born and raised, to Pittsburgh. Two different lifestyles. And I hadn't really examined the transition involved.

"People in Pittsburgh are not flashy, they're not outgoing. They reflect the steel mills and the coal mines they work in. Millionaires in Pittsburgh never drive Rolls-Royces because they don't want the guys in the mill to see them living it up with the money those guys are making for them by working in the mills. But in California, workers expect their bosses to drive flashy cars. And living in Pittsburgh for three years, I found myself becoming more low-key.

"I played with the Steelers and we won two Super Bowls and that gave me a celebrity status in Pittsburgh, but that's not me. And after the concussion, people began to question my ability as a ballplayer and that upset me. Football was at the crux of what was bothering me. But then I asked myself what I really wanted to do. It all came together for me skiing on a mountain in Innsbruck, Austria.

"It came down to what kind of a person am I—a quitter or somebody who'll stick with it.

"I realized that football is like that mountain. I had to pick myself up in football just like I picked myself up every time I fell on that mountain.

"You see, I had talked about and thought about retiring from football because of the violence getting out of control. Then I decided to speak up about it and then go out and do my job to the best of my ability—the way I always have."

He did return, and became the American Football Conference's premier wide receiver in 1977. He caught 50 passes for 789 yards (his all-time career high for yardage)—averaging 15.8 yards per catch—and seven touchdowns.

"The way I'm into football mentally now," said Swann after a game late last season, "I don't care if they only throw one pass to me the whole game. I'll make sure I catch that one."

His concentration had fully returned. The intimidation was that he heard no footsteps behind him, the bane of receivers.

He is also proud that he spoke out last season against "extracurricular contact." He cited the example of Isaac Curtis, wide receiver for the Cincinnati Bengals, who was standing in the end zone after he had scored a touchdown. "Somebody comes out and cold-cocks him," said Swann. "I mean, he's already in, it's a touchdown, and the guy just comes up and nails him. What is that? Is that part of the game?"

Early in the 1977 season, Commissioner Pete Rozelle issued his "Anti-violence edict." "In all the turmoil last year," said Swann, "I wondered why the Commissioner didn't say more, but somebody told me then that if he had, it would look like the NFL was putting in an Atkinson Rule. This way it's not so ob-

vious, it's not geared to one incident. Football doesn't need that violence. You have enough injuries within the rules without the extracurricular contact. It's a tough enough game within the rules. Football is football."

One of the reasons for increased violence, Swann believes, is that the fans "are becoming more fanatical."

"They are demanding blood," he said. "If you don't perform the way they want you to, they get upset. I've been run out of places in Pittsburgh by people who weren't satisfied with the way I played—even though we won. They take it too personally."

One other point that Swann rails about is the "politics" within football.

"A few years ago," he said, "the NFL came in with a new rule against wide receivers like myself. They wouldn't let us use the crackback block. They wanted to protect the linebackers, and most of those guys weigh 230.

"Here I am 185 and receivers like me are about the same weight, and they don't do anything to protect us from getting our heads ripped off by guys 50 pounds heavier. It's ridiculous. Those cornerbacks will take a receiver's head off, if they get a clean shot.

"They've given some people protection—quarterbacks and kickers are protected against the late hits, for example, and us little-bitty guys can't go in behind a linebacker and hit one below the knees because that's a crackback block. But when one of us goes into the middle, we're fair game."

These thoughts came to him after the concussion; before that, he gave little consideration to the violence because it had never really affected him.

Going into the 1976 season, he was expecting

great things. And no wonder. He was simply amazing in Super Bowl X in 1975, when he caught four passes for 161 yards, including the 64-yard touchdown that gave the Steelers their victory over the Dallas Cowboys. It capped that great sophomore season, which Swann improved upon last year.

Football, for Swann, was a delight, until that Oakland smashup.

He recalls his football in college fondly and holds the USC record for most passes caught in a career, 95.

"Football was never very political in college," Swann says, "so it was always fun; going to classes, you're always active, you're out meeting all types of people in university life. It was fantastic. Here [in the pros], you're really restricted to people who are playing the game, because you spend so much time at the stadium and playing the game."

One of Swann's fond memories of his college career centers around Fred Lynn, star outfielder for the Boston Red Sox. Swann and Lynn played on the freshman football team at USC before Lynn decided to make a career of baseball.

"We were pretty close our freshman year," said Swann. "Fred was a good football player. We all played both ways as freshmen, and he played ahead of me as a defensive back and I was ahead of him as a wide receiver. I even got in trouble once because of him."

Swann laughs when he remembers this. Both men were taking the same reading course and had the same adviser.

"I came out to practice one day and one of our coaches really got on my back," Swann recalls. "He said that I had given the adviser a hard time in class

that day. I told him I was innocent, that I hadn't even been to class that day.

"But the coach [Marv Goux] didn't believe me and he worked my butt off in practice. I think I had to run every play and, when I was just about to die, they kept me out after practice and made me run extra sprints.

"The next day, before practice, the coach came to me and apologized. He said he was after the wrong Lynn. He was looking for Fred *Lynn* not *Lynn* Swann. So, I had done Fred's punishment for him."

Speaking of punishment, Swann has suffered three concussions while playing football. He knows that he may be permanently injured if he continues to play.

"Maybe I shouldn't be out there," he says. "I worry about it. Whenever you're messing with your head, you have to worry.

"Sometimes I wonder what I'm still doing out there. Am I really in love with the game, or do I enjoy it that much, or is the money that good that you want to keep going out there and exposing yourself to these dangers, when nothing significant has been done to protect people?"

Maybe it's a little of each. There is also the aspect of pride of achievement, and ego gratification. "I think that most really good ballplayers often see themselves as heroes," he said, "making great catches and great runs. Then when it happens you say, 'Hey, I knew I could do it.'"

For Swann, that is one very good reason for risking so much.

LYNN SWANN

Wide Receiver, Pittsburgh Steelers

Born: March 7, 1952, Alcoa, Tennessee

Height: 6-0 **Weight:** 180

College: University of Southern California

Drafted by Pittsburgh, First Round, 1974

<i>Year</i>	<i>No. Recpts.</i>	<i>Yds.</i>	<i>Avg.</i>	<i>TDs</i>
1974	11	208	18.9	2
1975	49	781	15.9	11
1976	28	516	18.4	3
1977	50	789	15.8	7
Totals	138	2294	16.6	23

O.J. SIMPSON

"I'm home at last," exclaimed O.J. Simpson when he walked in to greet the media at a press conference last March in the Fairmont Hotel. The city was San Francisco, where O.J. had been born and raised, and the occasion was the announcement that O.J. had just been traded from the Buffalo Bills to the San Francisco 49ers.

The rumors that had been circulating for years, ever since O.J. had joined Buffalo from USC in 1969, finally came true. O.J. had returned to the West Coast.

"I was always a 49er fan," said Simpson. "From 1957 until I went to USC, I went to every game at Kezar Stadium."

The 31-year-old O.J. joins the 49ers with a \$733,000-a-year contract and a questionable knee. Observers wonder how much longer "The Juice" can continue as a top-flight NFL running back. He will be trying to come back from a grave injury.



In the Buffalo Bills' seventh game of the 1977 season, at Seattle, O.J. reinjured a twisted knee. He was soon shipped to Los Angeles to undergo surgery for ripped cartilage. He was lost for the season.

All summer O.J. worked with weights in efforts to rehabilitate the damaged knee.

It had never been a secret that O.J., a native Californian, would be happiest playing in his home state, in Los Angeles, where he attended the University of Southern California, or in San Francisco.

The Bills are a lackluster team now and even some of O.J.'s teammates hoped that he would get his wish and be traded to another club. (The 49ers, with only a 5-9 record in 1977, are considered by experts a team with championship possibilities this season.)

"I see no reason why the Bills should keep him—even if he is able to play again," Joe DeLamielleure, all-pro offensive lineman, had said. "He deserves to play in a Super Bowl. We'd all like to see it."

Last season the Bills tied for last place in their division. The season before they held sole possession of last place. Next year, even with new coach Chuck Knox coming over from the Rams, the future remains dim.

One Buffalo sportswriter was unhappy with the way O.J. exited last season. He was not angry with O.J. for the injury, of course, but with what Simpson had to say after the operation.

O.J. had said with no enthusiasm that he had one year left on his Buffalo contract.

"I wish," said the writer, "that O.J. had mentioned that the Buffalo club had given him an opportunity to assemble the wealth of a maharajah, that it was paying him half a million dollars a year or so, that it had granted him the exposure necessary to incorporate

himself (O.J. Simpson Enterprises, Inc.), to drink orange juice for a fee, to wear Dingo boots and Spot-Bilt shoes, to go leaping around airports, renting cars, making motion pictures. I wish he had said thank you, Buffalo Bills."

The way O.J. said thank you, Buffalo Bills, was in the way he played. And that writer, unwittingly, said as much in the next paragraph.

"I shall remember O.J. as I last saw him," he wrote. "It was in Buffalo in an altogether meaningless game against the San Diego Chargers last year and it was cold. By nightfall, a blizzard would be starting which would create a national emergency in upper New York State.

"The Bills were a bad football team . . . Simpson was all they had. Twenty-five times they gave him the football and he trudged ahead for 118 yards, taking a fearful beating with every thrust . . . Later, in the locker room, it seemed impossible for him to play again in another month, let alone in a few days—four days later the Bills played in a Thanksgiving Day game against Detroit.

"All O.J. did in that one was run for 273 yards. Of course, it was a record. The Bills lost 27-14. They almost always lose."

When training camp began, O.J. arrived and immediately stated his dissatisfaction with the management. He said it had been inept in getting good players and that some good ones they had had been traded off.

"We're darn near rebuilding all over again," said Simpson. "I've always been an optimistic guy, coming in here and psyching people up. But now I need the psyching up."

As great a player as O.J. has been in his nine

seasons in the NFL, he has had a tremendous amount of frustration. Primarily, it is because he has played on very few winning teams.

When O.J. came to Buffalo, Coach John Rauch held O.J. back. He made him block too much and didn't give him the ball often enough.

After three seasons the Bills changed coaches and brought in Lou Saban. Under Saban the Bills began a rebuilding program. And Simpson was given his head. In the first three seasons O.J. had never run for more than 742 yards in a season. Now he ran for 1,251. In the following years his totals were 2,003; 1,125; 1,817; and 1,503. In 1977 he had gained 577 yards before the injury in Seattle.

Jim Brown's record of 12,312 yards gained rushing seems within reach, since O.J. has 10,183—if he can come back with any semblance of his former self.

O.J. is the second greatest ground gainer in NFL history. He has also set a number of records, including most yards gained in a season, 2,003 (1973); most yards gained in a single game, 273 (vs. Detroit, 1976); most games, 200 yards or more, rushing, season, 3 (1973); most consecutive games, 100 yards or more rushing, 7 (1973); most rushing attempts in a season, 332 (1973); and most touchdowns in a season, 23 (1973).

Even if O.J. never puts on another pair of shoulder pads, he will be able to sit back and enjoy the memory of his football career, as well as the game films. In the off-season O.J. likes to sit home and watch films of the great runners. "I love it," he said. "It's a joy to watch great runners doing their thing. Brown was amazing. He was so strong he could carry five guys

for 5, 10 yards. Gale Sayers is one of my all-time favorites. The thing about Gale is that you never knew which way he was going to go. He never made the same move twice."

Simpson, who is not necessarily one to blow his own horn, had not mentioned watching another great runner—O.J. Simpson.

What about it? he was asked.

"Sure," he said, "I put 'The Juice' on the screen, too."

Of all the runners, Simpson was asked, who is the best? On O.J.'s handsome face a grin emerged. It spoke volumes.

Emerson Boozer, a fine runner in his own right when playing for the New York Jets, once described O.J.'s style.

"He makes three or four moves before he hits the line of scrimmage," said Boozer. "No one—not Floyd Little, not Larry Brown, not me—has the fantastic ability to change directions on a nickel."

O.J. says: "I put my head down and turn on the old zoomer."

That's not altogether how he does it. Nimble as a butterfly, O.J. tucks the ball into the crook of his arm and darts in and out along the line of scrimmage, sniffing for a hole, peeking to see if his guard or his tackle has tripped and bowled over a defender, thus creating an opening for him to maneuver through.

Several years ago when the Bills were struggling, O.J. allowed himself to dream. "I imagined myself in Miami's backfield," said O.J., "with Miami's blocking."

The amazing thing about O.J. is that he has never pouted. Oh, he has said that he would like to do such

and such, or that he dreamed such and such, but he was not being petulant.

"You play for 60 minutes," he said, "and you forget the score."

Yet Simpson takes the game so seriously that he lives with it all week long.

"Sometimes it gets to me and I've got to say 'Stop,'" he said. "My wife says, 'Turn it off, already.' By Wednesday or Thursday I have to lock myself up and begin to concentrate on the upcoming game. But I'm just coming down from last week's game at this time."

With all of the outside interests that O.J. is involved in—including a burgeoning TV and motion picture career—one wonders where he finds the time for football. But he says the game is still his first love.

And he is still a modest athlete, just as he was all the way back, when he was the most heralded college football player in the nation.

After games at USC he would sit in his cubicle in the locker room and answer every question of every reporter. He was always the last player to leave the locker room. He is the most courteous of men—not just of sports heroes.

And like his teammates on the Bills, who genuinely wish him the best, a legion of sportswriters who have been impressed with O.J.'s gentlemanliness wish him the same.

"O.J. is more than a football player," said 49er General Manager Joe Thomas. "He's the hottest item in sports. His charisma cuts across generations."

Unspoken, however, was the hope shared by Thomas, O.J., and San Francisco fans that O.J. can also still cut through opposing lines.



O.J. SIMPSON
Running Back, Buffalo Bills

Born: July 9, 1947, San Francisco, California

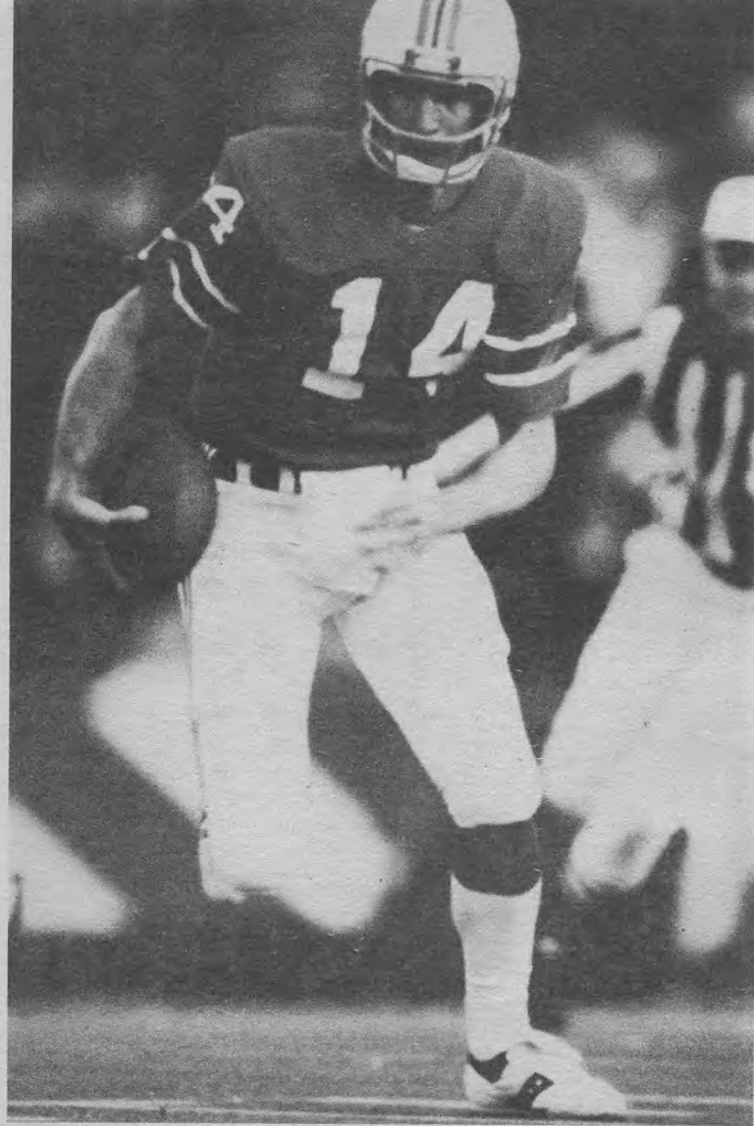
Height: 6-1 **Weight:** 216

College: University of Southern California

Drafted by Buffalo, First Round, 1969

Year	Att.	Yds.	Avg.	TDs
1969	181	697	3.9	2
1970	120	488	4.1	5
1971	183	742	4.1	5
1972	292	1251	4.3	6
1973	332	2003	6.0	23
1974	270	1125	4.2	3
1975	329	1817	5.5	16
1976	290	1503	5.2	8
1977	126	557	4.4	0
Totals	2123	10183	4.8	57





New England's Grogan can run, too.

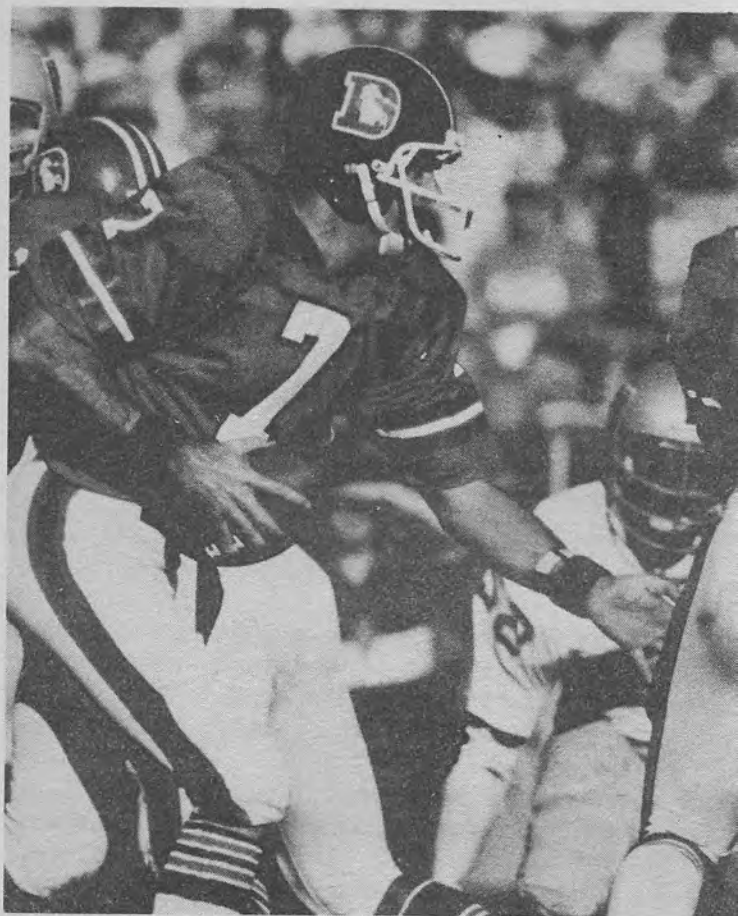
CRAIG MORTON

"Like King Tut," wrote Houston journalist Mickey Herskowitz, "Craig Morton has come back from the tomb."

This statement appeared just prior to the 1978 Super Bowl. Morton had led the Denver Broncos through a terrific year—12-2 in the regular season, then two playoff wins, and now into the biggest game of the season.

Morton, the veteran NFL quarterback, had been considered washed up just the season before, when he was a quarterback for the New York Giants. Now he was the second leading passer in the league and Player of the Year in the American Football Conference.

In his 13 seasons Morton has gone through more changes than a kaleidoscope. He was once the darling quarterback of the Dallas Cowboys. He lost his job to Roger Staubach, after succumbing to injury and embarrassment in Super Bowl V.



Craig Morton making the fake

He begged to be traded, and was—to the Giants. The team was miserable. As always, the quarterback was blamed. In his two and one-half seasons in New York, the team had a 9 and 26 record.

Angry fans cursed and screamed at him, threw refuse from the stands, covered him with derision. On the streets it was dangerous to be recognized. He traveled only in the company of friends, and was driven into seclusion.

"The time I spent in New York," Morton says, "I learned a lot and enjoyed a lot, but playing football there was not one of the high points of my career. It was two and a half years of constant frustration."

During the winter the Giants traded Morton to Denver for a young quarterback named Steve Ramsey. Ramsey, recovering from surgery, never fit into the Giants' plans and was cut. Morton was a different story.

Denver's new coach, Red Miller, had studied game films of Morton with New York and felt he was the quarterback with the arm and the experience that the Broncos needed.

"I was surprised by the trade," Morton says, "but it had to come and I think that at the end Coach [John] McVay of the Giants saw I was tremendously frustrated. Denver was a wonderful choice. Coach Miller told me the job was wide open, but I got the feeling he expected me to take over and that's exactly what I did.

"They talk about leadership qualities. I've always had it. In New York, too, but I didn't have anything to work with. Here, we have a great offense and defense."

Even before going to New York Morton knew frustration in the National Football League. In 1970

the former University of California All-American led the Cowboys to the Super Bowl, despite a torn-up shoulder. Baltimore beat Dallas 16-13 on a field goal in the waning seconds by Jim O'Brien.

It was a sloppy game, and Morton did not distinguish himself. He was crucified by the press.

The next season, when the Cowboys were 4 and 3 after seven games, Dallas coach Tom Landry decided to bench Morton and make Roger Staubach his top quarterback. Dallas went on to win ten in a row, including a romp over Miami in Super Bowl VI.

Morton was now a bench-warmer. But in preseason 1972 Staubach separated a shoulder, and Morton was reinstated as the Cowboys' starting signal-caller. He played right through the regular season, and then Dallas returned to the playoffs. Against the San Francisco 49ers at Candlestick Park, the Cowboys trailed 28-13 in the middle of the third quarter. The season seemed to be finished for Dallas. From the San Francisco 40 Morton dropped back to pass. He saw the fleet Bob Hayes in the open and let fly with a long pass. It was perfect, right in Hayes' hands. But he dropped it. Upfield, Morton showed his frustration by falling on his back, arms outstretched as though on a cross. "I never saw a quarterback do that before," said a reporter in the press box.

Apparently Landry did not like what he saw. He yanked Morton and replaced him with Staubach, who proceeded to throw two touchdown passes in the last two minutes. It was the stuff of heroes. Dallas won 30-28.

It was all Staubach in Dallas from then on. Six games into the 1974 season Dallas traded Morton to the New York Giants.

Of his decision to go with Staubach instead of Morton, Landry says, "I admired one as much as the other . . . still do. And when you have two guys like that, it tears you up inside to have to make a choice. It had to be done, though, and the decision eventually was made on the basis of Roger's ability to move in and out of the pocket. At that time, this was very important to us."

Staubach says: "On the field, I thought Craig threw the ball as well as anybody I had ever seen . . . We were never buddy-buddy off the field because of the circumstances, but I had the greatest respect for him."

Respect for Morton increased all around the league by leaps and bounds in 1977. When all the dust had cleared, the Broncos were the champions of the American Football Conference, and Morton was second only to Bob Griese in the complicated rating system for quarterbacks used by the National Football League. Morton had the lowest number of passes intercepted in the AFC, eight.

In the Super Bowl now Craig was matched against his old team, Dallas, and his old competitor at quarterback, Staubach.

Right from the start nothing went right for Morton or Denver. The Cowboys rushed him silly. Ed (Too Tall) Jones, Randy White, and Harvey Martin were relentless in their pursuit. Morton was hobbled by an injured hip and could not dodge and scamper. He had to throw hurriedly and sometimes off-balance. Sometimes he just ate the pigskin.

The Cowboys intercepted four of Morton's passes—half as many as Morton had had intercepted all year.

"On two of the interceptions," Morton said later,

"my arm was hit. Another one I tried to put the ball in the hole instead of putting it up a little further. There was someone breathing on me all the time, forcing me out of the pocket, getting to me."

Late in the third quarter, with the Broncos woefully behind, Red Miller replaced Morton with second-year quarterback Norris Weese. Weese moved Denver to a touchdown in five plays.

Weese finished the game—or what was left of it for Denver—and if Morton felt hurt and humiliated, he concealed it gallantly.

Morton finished with only four completions for 39 yards in 15 attempts and was sacked twice.

Staubach had 17 completions in 25 tries for 183 yards gained.

Most important in the eyes of the two quarterbacks was the final score: Dallas 27, Denver 10.

"A low point for me," said Morton after the game. "Norris came in for one play and then Red left him in after a good gain on a rollout pass to Jim Jensen and . . . well, it was the coach's decision and it worked out, didn't it?"

He added, "I don't know what I can say, except that Dallas beat us at our own game. They got us into predictable situations where we had to throw and they could tee off. We had too many turnovers—seven, I think it was . . . But they were a great team and they whipped us good."

Morton was not crushed. Once a carefree bachelor who haunted night spots in Dallas, New York, and L.A., he had changed. He had married a young lady named Susie Simmen on November 7, and along the way had entered into another commitment . . . one, he says, that has led to the purging of any animosities

or self-doubts that had accumulated over the seasons.

"I guess I'd always more or less believed in the Lord," says Morton. "But there came a time last June when I got down on my knees and said, 'My life is yours.' From that came the resolution of any difficulties I'd had. It was the end of a wasted youth—a period when I thought I was having a great time.

"Susan was the beginning of the turn-around. She helped me to read the Bible and understand it. Our Bible study is more or less with each other, maybe another couple or two. We're not Baptists, Methodists, or any other sect. We'll probably find a church to go to during the off-season but I can't go on Sundays now.

"I did discover there are a lot of Christians on our team and we pray together. Not asking to let us win. But that what we do on the field and in our everyday lives will be to His glory. My faith has helped me to resolve things that would never have concerned me before . . . like the orphanages around the Denver area. I mean, I am still basically the same person—it's just that there are a lot more commitments to my life now."

Before the Super Bowl he was asked if winning the game was one of those commitments.

"Winning the Super Bowl would be the climax of a truly miraculous year for me."

After the Super Bowl Morton said, "I'm not ashamed of anything that happened out there. We accomplished a lot this year. We went to the world championship, we met a great team, and we lost.

"I can't base my entire season on any one game. This time, we made too many mistakes. Perhaps there will be a next time. I certainly hope so."

CRAIG MORTON
Quarterback, Denver Broncos

Born: February 5, 1943, Flint, Michigan

Height: 6-4 **Weight:** 210

College: University of California

Drafted by Dallas, First Round, 1965

<i>Year</i>	<i>Club</i>	<i>Passing</i>			<i>TDs</i>
		<i>Att.</i>	<i>Comp.</i>	<i>Yds.</i>	
1965	Dallas	34	17	173	2
1966	Dallas	27	13	225	3
1967	Dallas	137	69	978	10
1968	Dallas	85	44	752	4
1969	Dallas	302	162	2619	21
1970	Dallas	207	102	1819	15
1971	Dallas	143	78	1131	7
1972	Dallas	339	185	2396	15
1973	Dallas	32	13	174	3
1974	Dal (6)				
	NY Giants (8)	239	124	1522	9
1975	NY Giants	363	186	2359	11
1976	NY Giants	284	153	1865	9
1977	Denver	254	131	2252	14
Totals		2446	1277	18265	123

LEE ROY SELMON

The New Orleans Saints felt totally disgraced. Their coach said that they should burn the game films. Quarterback Archie Manning said he didn't want to show his face in public for a year.

The cause of their shame? A 33-14 loss to the Tampa Bay Buccaneers.

This wasn't your basic any-team-can-beat-any-other-team-on-a-given-Sunday type of loss in the National Football League. The Bucs, a two-year-old expansion club, had never won a game in the NFL. They were 0 and 26.

Some day, it was assumed, the Bucs would lick an opponent. Everyone knew that. But no team wanted to be there when it happened. As in the title of the Sinclair Lewis book, each team felt *It Can't Happen Here*. Or to us.

However, on Sunday, December 11, 1977, starting at 1 P.M. New Orleans time, it happened to the New Orleans Saints in the Superdome. Emphatically.



Sunday after Sunday the Bucs had gone down to defeat. They were a young team, with that spattering of cast-off veterans so common now to sports expansion clubs.

Coach John McKay was distraught, but he knew that the team was improving. There were some close games, some games where a break or two might have meant a win.

In their first season, 1976, the Bucs established an all-time pro football record for most losses, 14, all their games. Other teams had lost all their games in a season, but no team had played as many as 14 games. And the Bucs had been shut out five times.

All this threw cold water on the enthusiasm of an area brand-new to major team sports. Tampa Bay had never had anything except spring training for baseball teams, dog races, and jai-alai. A new \$18-million stadium seating 71,000 was built, and expectations were high.

In the very first game played at the new stadium, on August 21, 1976, the Bucs were crushed by Miami before 71,718 fans.

The number-one draft choice of this new team was a defensive end from Oklahoma named Lee Roy Selmon. And though he had suffered the personal frustration of injuries, along with the despair of the losing ways of his team, Selmon was perhaps the single most important reason for the victory over New Orleans. Up to that point in the season he had played superbly; he led the team with 13 sacks of the quarterback.

All afternoon he chased the Saints' harried Manning from one end of the field to the other. As the Bucs began to pile up points on the scoreboard, the Saints grew more and more frazzled. The game was a night-

mare to them, but was a dream coming true for Selmon and his teammates.

When the team returned to Tampa, they were met at the airport by 8,000 screaming fans. It was a triumph to be savored.

Lee Roy had played with a number-one college team. At the University of Oklahoma, the 6-3, 260-pounder had teamed with his brother, Dewey, a 6-1, 250-pound linebacker, to propel the Sooners to victory after victory.

Each was a first-team All-American. But Lee Roy gained most of the individual honors, including the Lombardi Trophy, as the nation's top college lineman, and the Outland Trophy.

Lee Roy is a year younger than Dewey, but both were in the same year in college. In the draft Lee Roy went first to Tampa, and Dewey was drafted second by the Bucs.

Strangely, each had knee problems in their first year in the pros. Lee Roy played in only six games and required surgery. Dewey played in 12 games and did not need to be operated on.

Lee Roy's biggest problem coming into the pros—besides getting accustomed to losing—was learning that opponents will use little tricks to keep him out. Like holding. When he came out of the game against the Chicago Bears, there was a huge hole in the middle of his jersey where grabby hands had torn away the material. Walter Payton got 101 yards in that game, becoming the only runner this year to rush for 100 or more yards against the Bucs.

No doubt Lee Roy was a major reason for the optimism expressed by brother Dewey: "When the sun begins to shine here, it's going to shine a long, long time."

"If there's anybody on our team of Pro Bowl caliber, it's Lee Roy," said Coach McKay. "If he was on any other team, he would get better consideration."

One of the biggest moments of the season for the Bucs was the selection of the Pro Bowl teams. They hoped one of their players would be on it.

The game was to be played on January 23 in Tampa Stadium and it was embarrassing, to say the least, for the Tampa Bay team not to have a representative on the 40-man roster.

Proponents for Lee Roy Selmon could point to testimonial after testimonial for him from rival players.

"He's the toughest man I've faced all year," said Bears' guard Ted Albrecht after Selmon had bloodied Albrecht's nose in a rough game at Tampa Stadium last year.

Albrecht acknowledged that he couldn't stop Selmon with the conventional blocking means. "I had to resort to using my hands more in the second half," he said. "At least then I stopped him some of the time."

In a game against San Francisco Lee Roy was being tripped, rabbit-punched, and elbowed unmercifully, and the primary culprit was offensive lineman Jean Barrett. Lee Roy complained to the officials, but to no avail.

Since then, on McKay's instructions, Lee Roy has become his own policeman, and his play has improved.

"When they start holding me, I start swinging my arms just to let them know that if they are going to use illegal tactics, so am I. They're going to hold as long as they get away with it, so I'm going to retaliate."

Besides all the recorded sacks and tackles and blocked punts, Lee Roy is impressive in another area on the field. He puts such pressure on the opposing quarterbacks that he forces them to throw quickly and sometimes off-balance. In NFL parlance this is called a "hurry." Lee Roy has led the Bucs in that department, and may very well lead the league in "hurries."

Despite this Lee Roy has not received the publicity he so richly deserves. He does not even get it in his hometown, let alone around the league.

"Lee Roy has played great all season," said McKay, "but Dave Pear has gotten all the publicity because he's so colorful."

Pear, a 6-2, 250-pound long-haired defensive tackle from the University of Washington, in training camp once pressed 350 pounds 17 times, then chinned himself 30 times.

"I'm a physical-fitness fanatic," says Pear. "I built myself up to what I am now. It's the only way I ever would have made it. I believe in fate. I believe you make your own breaks."

Like a lot of colorful people, Pear does not choose his words carefully. Otherwise he would have seen a contradiction in believing in fate and then saying one makes his own breaks.

Selmon, on the other hand, is quiet and simple in his lifestyle.

He says, "Mama raised us to never think we're better than anybody else. All the publicity doesn't make you a better person because it's only there for a short time. She taught us to respect people. Because of her, we will never change."

That's not the kind of quotation to get one on na-

tional magazine covers, and Selmon knows it. He doesn't care.

Selmon's knee injury the year before has also contributed to his relative anonymity. He was out for nearly half the season. And there are many other tough defensive ends in professional football, including people like Jack Youngblood of Los Angeles, Claude Humphrey of Atlanta, John Dutton of Baltimore, and Coy Bacon of Cincinnati.

An interesting statistic that shows Lee Roy's worth is that the Bucs made 20 sacks in the nine games he played last year. That's an average of over two a game. In their final five games, without Lee Roy, they made only four sacks. His presence is obviously felt by the opposing quarterbacks.

Despite his injury Selmon was voted the Bucs' Man-of-the-Year in the annual NFL contest in 1976.

To cap a year in which disappointment piled on disappointment, Lee Roy had a happy ending. He got married and purchased a home in Tampa.

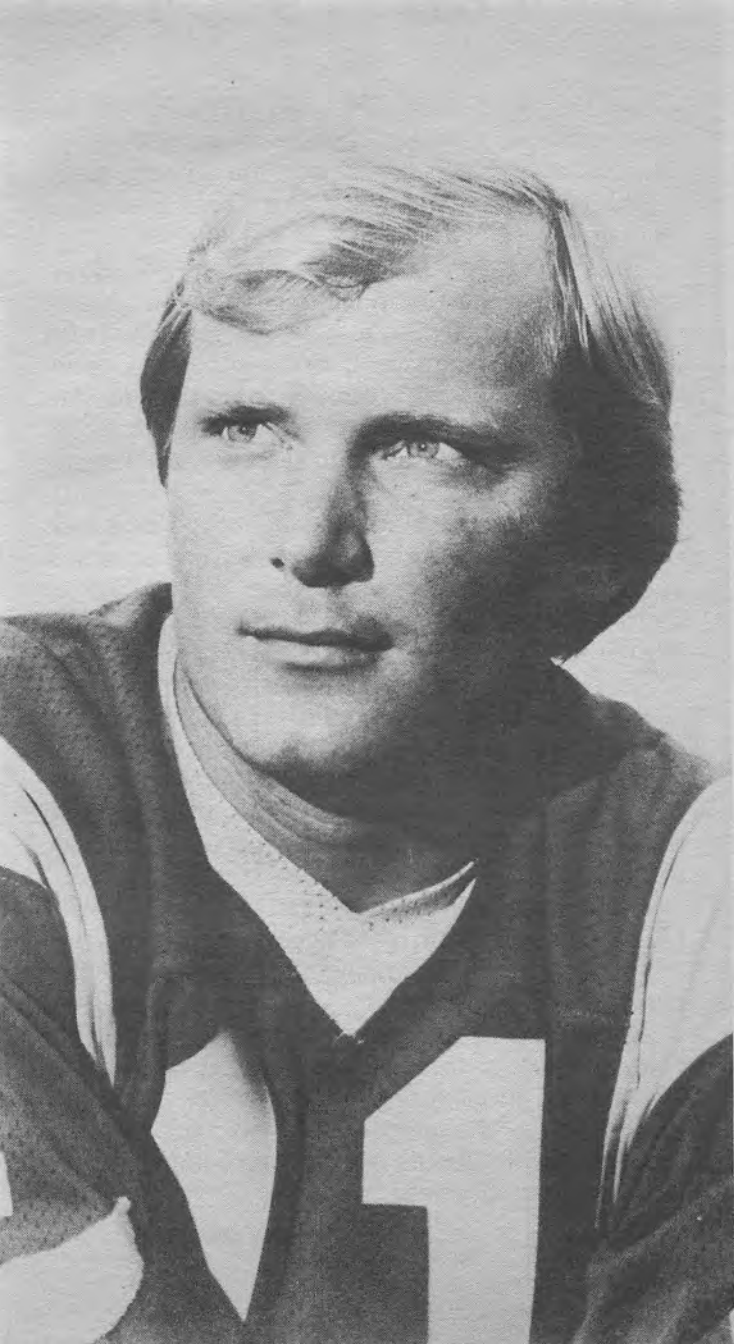
Football, Lee Roy discovered to his pleasure, is not the only game in town.

PAT HADEN

The rain was falling in sheets, and Joe Namath, hunched in cape and hood, stood on the sidelines at the Los Angeles Coliseum. He looked glum. It was the last quarter of the National Football Conference championship playoff between his team, the Los Angeles Rams, and the Minnesota Vikings. The Rams were behind 14-0 and seemed certain losers; Namath had not played all game. In fact, the legendary quarterback had not played a minute in any of the last ten games. The 35-year-old veteran of 14 seasons was ready. But he had been beaten out for the position by 24-year-old Pat Haden, who was only in his second season as a pro.

Namath may have been itching to get into the game and in storybook fashion pull out a win. After all, Haden had been having trouble moving the Rams all of this drenched day. But Ram coach Chuck Knox made no quarterbacking substitution. Why not?

Two reasons: First, the wet field called for the



greatest amount of mobility, and Namath, with his notoriously poor knees, cannot move well. Also, because everything was so wet, the passing game would be particularly hazardous, and passing is Namath's forte.

Second, Haden had taken over as the Rams starting quarterback in the fifth game of the season, when the Rams seemed to have bogged down with Namath. Their record was 2 wins and 2 losses. Given his chance, Haden came through to lead the Rams to an 8-2 record and the championship game. Knox obviously felt Haden deserved to see the team through to the end.

In fact, a resolute Haden brought the Rams their only touchdown of the game. He led a late drive that culminated in his one-yard touchdown pass to Harold Jackson, with just 56 seconds remaining in the game.

To Namath's credit, he never condemned nor complained. He steadfastly refused to criticize Knox or the Rams owner, Carroll Rosenbloom, for benching him, saying that Haden deserved to play ahead of him because the younger man was getting better results. A few weeks after the game Namath announced his retirement.

Haden's future in football appears long and bright. He became a starter in his rookie season, winning the job midway into the campaign from veterans James Harris and Ron Jaworski.

At the end of the year there were rumors that Namath might be traded to the Rams. Broadway Joe was making more money than the New York Jets wanted to pay the gimpy, charismatic quarterback. The Jets were in a youth rebuilding program, and Joe was a comparative relic.

When Haden was asked if he'd be happy to have Joe in L.A., he replied, "If he wouldn't mind playing Earl Morrall to our Bob Griese—namely me!"

The Rams signed Namath as a free agent. And in training camp Pat and Joe became not only competitors for the quarterbacking job, but roommates as well.

In short order Namath, almost as a result of professional courtesy for his past skills and fame, became the Rams' number-one signal-caller. Haden never uttered a dissenting word. But he was not happy; what competitor would be?

In the fourth game of the season Namath was intercepted four times, and the Rams lost to Chicago. The Rams with Namath were never truly impressive. They were now 2-2 in the regular season after a 1-5 preseason mark. Knox tried something different in the fifth game of the season, against New Orleans. He tried Haden. The Rams won 14-7. Then, against Minnesota the following week, it was Haden again.

The Vikings and the Rams have been perennial playoff contestants. And the Vikings invariably won, so the Rams bear a special grudge against them. Haden threw two touchdown passes and scrambled for a third in the opening half. L.A. went on to win 35-3.

"Pat Haden certainly demonstrated that he's number one," said Chuck Knox afterward. "I hope this is the end of our quarterback controversy."

"I think we all felt we owed Minnesota," said Haden, smiling. Even toward the game's end, Knox kept Namath on the bench and inserted No. 3 quarterback Vince Ferragamo to finish up.

"I didn't want to put Namath in on a situation when we are ahead 35-3," said Knox. "We felt it was a good

chance to give Ferragamo some work.”

The press clippings for Patrick Capper Haden began when he was a quarterback at Bishop Amat High School in the San Gabriel Valley, near Los Angeles. He and J. K. McKay, the son of Coach John McKay of the University of Southern California, were a touchdown team, Pat passing, Johnny receiving. In their senior year they won the CIF Playoffs, the championship of Southern California, in the L.A. Coliseum.

Haden and McKay entered USC together and starred there, besting Notre Dame in a couple of nationally televised thrillers and playing in three straight Rose Bowls. In the 1975 Rose Bowl against Ohio State—before 102,000 spectators, with 75 million more watching on television—Haden threw a long pass to McKay for the winning touchdown in the final seconds of the game.

Although USC is famous for its runners—from O. J. Simpson to Anthony Davis—Haden set a number of passing records. For all that, he was only a seventh-round draft choice for the Rams. Some 175 college football players had already been drafted, including just about everyone who would ever make it in the NFL, which only admits about that many rookies a year.

As good as he was in college, Haden just didn't seem big enough to the pro scouts to be a top-flight NFL quarterback. He is 5-10½, 180 (Namath, for example, is 6-2, 200).

But Rosenbloom decided that it might be a good publicity move to give the local boy a try.

Something else held back the pro pickers in the draft. Haden was an exceptional student, and he was expected to go off to Oxford as a Rhodes Scholar.

Could he come back after two years and play in the NFL? Well, Roger Staubach was in the Navy for four years after college and returned to star with Dallas. And as far as low draft picks are concerned, there is always the precedent of Bart Starr, who was picked 15th by the Green Bay Packers. Everyone knows the end of that story.

After playing a summer with the Southern California Sun of the World Football League, Haden accepted a Rhodes Scholarship. In applying for the coveted award, he told the Rhodes committee: "I do not consider myself an intellectual. I get good grades, but I work hard. I honestly feel my academic growth has been very limited. I have been so concerned with getting good grades and so occupied with football that I have not done enough to enrich my intellect.

"I hope that a Rhodes Scholarship will allow me to do this. I would like to have the free time and a free mind to write poetry, to study contemporary literature and to look into other things I enjoy, like music . . . subjects that I would like to pursue but have not been able to at the University of Southern California. I have spent so much time as an undergraduate with busywork, playing games, and trying to get A's, that I have not really been educated."

Haden went off to England in 1975. But the next year he was back in California, under contract to the Rams. Why this move, with a year left on his scholarship at Oxford?

In *Pat Haden: My Rookie Season with the Rams*, a diary written with Robert Blair Kaiser, Haden wrote that he had agonized over whether he should return to the United States or be a "gridiron entertainer no more."

But he wrote, "I am aspiring to do something—

play quarterback on a Super Bowl contender—that only a few men in the world can do. And I'll only be doing that for a short time. The average pro football career lasts three years. Mine won't last more than ten. By then, somewhere between three and ten, I'll be a lawyer. And maybe a little later I will launch a career in politics as well—not because I have any kind of thirst for power, but because it would be a way for me to serve others.”

Haden came to training camp as the third-string quarterback. Then injuries to James Harris and Ron Jaworski gave him the chance to play.

Knox concedes, “As good as Haden was, if the other two guys hadn't gotten hurt, Pat would probably never have been given an opportunity on the field—at least not then.”

In the first game of the 1976 season, with the Rams far ahead, Jaworski suffered a broken right shoulder while scoring a TD. Haden came in on the next series of downs, and the first pass he tried went 47 yards to Ron Jessie for a touchdown.

The rest of the season was mostly downhill for Haden.

The Rams went on to a 10-3-1 season. They beat Dallas 14-12 in the first round of the playoffs, with Haden running four yards for the first score.

Then they traveled to Bloomington, Minnesota, to meet their arch-rival, the Vikings. In the last few minutes of the fourth quarter the Vikings held a 17-13 lead. Haden directed a drive that moved deep into Viking territory. Then he saw Ron Jessie in the end zone, wound up, and threw a strike. Unfortunately, Bobby Bryant of Minnesota darted in and plucked off the pass. That ended it for Los Angeles.

After the game Haden was despondent. Bob

Klein, the all-pro Ram end, came by and said to Haden, "Every one of us can talk about the plays that might have been Talk about the plays you did call this year, the touchdown passes that got us this far."

He was right, Haden wrote in his diary. No one game should be so important that one loses all perspective on the rest of life.

"Life goes on," he wrote. For Bob Klein, for Joe Namath—and for Pat Haden.

"I've only had two seasons," says Haden now. "I've got a long way to go."

PAT HADEN

Quarterback, Los Angeles Rams

Born: January 23, 1953, Westbury, New York

Height: 5-10½ **Weight:** 180

College: University of Southern California

Drafted by Los Angeles, Seventh Round, 1975

<i>Year</i>	<i>Att.</i>	<i>Comp.</i>	<i>Passing Yds.</i>	<i>TDs</i>
1976	105	60	896	8
1977	216	122	1551	11
Totals	321	182	2447	19

NFC CHAMPIONSHIP

Dallas 23, Minnesota 6
Texas Stadium, Dallas
January 1, 1978

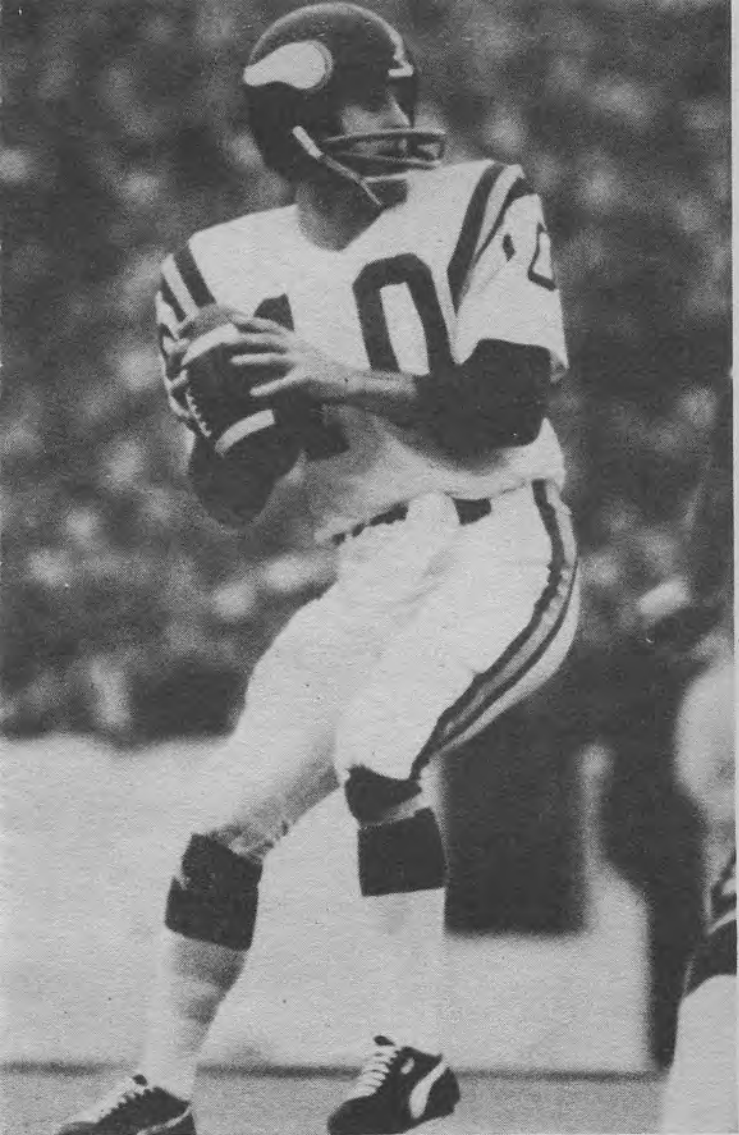
No one really expected the Minnesota Vikings to beat the Dallas Cowboys.

Earlier in the season the Vikes had lost their great quarterback, Fran Tarkenton, who broke his leg.

And it was a cliché that the Minnesota team was an old bunch. A number of players from the Vikings' first Super Bowl team of 1970 were still playing. Defensive end Jim Marshall, for example, is an 18-season veteran. He said he was 40 years old. Others said he was 41. "When a guy admits to being 40," he said, "they immediately assume that he's lying and must be older."

Two other star defensive players were also football old-timers. Alan Page, the graying defensive tackle, was an 11-year vet, and defensive end Carl Eller was a 14-year man. Fred Cox, the field goal kicker, was in his 15th season and had already announced his retirement. Center Mick Tingelhoff was 37.

In contrast, the Dallas Cowboys were a bunch of



Fran Tarkenton: Minnesota missed him.



Chuck Foreman is gone!

upstarts. Oh, Jethroe Pugh and Mel Renfro, and Roger Staubach had been around for some time. But the new blood was coming through: Ed (Too Tall) Jones was the defensive star, in his fourth NFL season, and rookie Tony Dorsett had emerged as one of the standout runners in the league.

Yes, everyone agreed that the Vikings were just too old—they had had their day. Everyone was right.

What was surprising was that the old-timers beat themselves. The Cowboys played lackluster football, but it was the veterans, the players who should have known better, who helped bring the ship down.

The Vikings fumbled five times and had one pass intercepted. The Cowboys turned two of the fumbles into touchdowns.

The Cowboys' other TD was set up by punter Danny White, who ran instead of kicked in a play reminiscent of schoolyard action. White's 14-yard run started at the Vikings' 43-yard line and ended at the 29. Three plays after the fake punt the Cowboys scored a touchdown to grab a 13-0 lead.

The best the Vikings could do in the scoring column was two three-pointers by Cox.

Nor did the day start on a propitious note for Minnesota. Viking fans had transported truckloads of snow from Minnesota. They reasoned that their team would feel more at home if they were playing amidst some of their local snow. Dallas officials refused to allow the snow to be dumped behind the Minnesota bench. Viking fans complained, but to no avail.

Surprisingly, the day dawned cool by Dallas standards. But even that heavenly concession could not fortify the Viking attack, which was no match for the Dallas Doomsday Defense. The famed Viking Purple People Eater, now grown long in the tooth, just



wasn't up to the task of chewing up the Dallas offense.

The single major weapon the Cowboys had was the 6-9, 250-pound person of Ed Jones, nicknamed "Too Tall." Too tall for opponents only, that is.

All day Jones battered his offensive counterpart, Minnesota tackle Ron Yary. For the game Jones was credited with eight solo tackles, four assists, and a tackle that caused a fumble. That last occurred in the first half and banged up the Vikings' fine runner, Chuck Foreman. For the rest of the afternoon Foreman was not the man he used to be, as the song says. He rushed 21 times and gained only 59 yards.

Dallas scored first, with a 32-yard pass from Roger Staubach to Golden Richards. Efren Herrera's kick was blocked by Eller, and Dallas had a 6-0 lead as the first period ended.

The Cowboys moved 53 yards in five plays for its second TD, but the chance came only because of White's fake punt and run. Dorsett took it 13 yards to the Minnesota 5, where Robert Henderson bulled his way into the end zone.

Herrera booted a 21-yard field goal for Dallas. Two Viking field goals in the second period made it 16-6 at the half.

The Vikings could get no good field position and the Cowboys blew several good chances to score with fumbles. The Cowboys' last score came when a Viking punt returner fumbled and the Cowboys' Jay Seldi recovered on Minnesota's 35. Five plays later Dorsett ran around right end for 11 yards and the score.

"Those old guys on Minnesota have class," said Too Tall after the game. "Several came up and said, 'Don't let Denver beat you in the Super Bowl.' They lost, but they lost with class."

*"Well, maybe next year,"
says Bud Grant, Minnesota coach.*

AFC CHAMPIONSHIP

**Denver 20, Oakland 17
Mile High Stadium, Denver
January 1, 1978**

The Denver Broncos, once the joke of professional football, became the Super Bowl representatives for the American Conference. They did it by whipping the team that numerous experts believed to be the finest in pro football, the Oakland Raiders, 20-17.

The Broncos accomplished this with a rookie coach, a discarded quarterback, a defensive line known as the Orange Crush, and such zealous fans that the term "Broncomania" swept across the country.

Something else: the Broncos were aided by one very weird referee's decision. More about that later.

Oakland, the defending Super Bowl champions, was everything the Broncos weren't—successful, publicized, star-laden. In the Broncos' previous 17 seasons they had finished with a winning record only three times. The 1976 season was the best, at 9-5. Then, in 1977, when the Broncos ended the year



Ken Stabler hands off.

with a 12-2 mark, all of pro football was shocked down to the cleats.

Robert (Red) Miller was a first-year coach. He came to the Broncos from the New England Patriots, where he had been the offensive line coach. The quarterback was Craig Morton, a cast-off from the Dallas Cowboys and the New York Giants. Just before the game Morton had been released from a hospital where he was being treated for a hip injury.

The day dawned cold but sunny. Snow, which would have dampened the festivities and the playing conditions considerably, never materialized. The ground was so hard it was compared to artificial turf.

Oakland scored first, with Errol Mann's field goal. But Denver gave evidence of its determination when it prevented Oakland from getting a touchdown, even though the Raiders made it to the Broncos' 6, with first down and goal to go.

Denver's ball, deep in their own territory. Morton had trouble getting anything started. Then, third down and on his own 26, Morton, limping, dropped back to pass. He found his wide receiver Moses Haven on the right sideline at the Oakland 39. Raider safety Skip Thomas tried unsuccessfully to grab Haven, but Moses went into a fancy dance through the Raider defense to score in a 74-yard play.

Oakland drove again and reached the Denver 12. But they couldn't crack through for a TD, and the field-goal kicker, Mann, missed an attempt. So Denver held again.

In the third period Morton-to-Moses started things going for Denver again. They connected on a pass play to Oakland's 23. Then Morton hit tight end Riley Odoms with a pass to the 2.

Now came that weird play mentioned previously. Denver's Rob Lytle banged across the left side of the line and was met head-on by Oakland's Jack Tatum. The ball came loose, and Mike McCoy of the Raiders recovered the fumble. However, head lineman Ed Marion had blown his whistle, signaling the play dead.

Marion later said Lytle's progress was stopped, and he lost possession when he was being knocked backward. This didn't square with the television replay. Most observers believed that Lytle fumbled at the moment of impact.

A ruckus occurred on the field. Oakland coach John Madden was enraged. He is a huge man, and his howls resembled the sounds of a wounded water buffalo. Oakland linebacker Floyd Rice shoved Marion and was assessed an unsportsmanlike-conduct penalty. It was an automatic first down and half the distance—to the one-yard line.

Morton pitched out to Jon Keyworth, who went over for the score. After the extra point it was Denver 14-3.

Oakland came back in the fourth quarter, Stabler hit Dave Casper with a 7-yard TD pass. Earlier in the series Casper had caught a 26-yard pass from Stabler.

Morton retaliated—Morton to Moses, that is. Morton tossed a soft seven-yard pass to Moses Haven, who lunged for it and made a spectacular catch. He did a jig of happiness and then tossed the ball into the appreciative South Stands.

Another Stabler-to-Casper touchdown play, this one for 17 yards, capped the scoring. But it wasn't enough. Denver's fans burst on the field in a

demonstration of joy: their team had made it to the Super Bowl.

After the game Red Miller alluded to the doubters that had plagued the Broncos all season. "I wonder if people think we're real now," he pondered. He did not need an answer. The game said it eloquently.

SUPER BOWL REVIEW

A staggering total of 104 million Americans watched Super Bowl XII on television, according to the Nielsen ratings. That is nearly half the people living in the United States. That includes women, men, *and* children.

No television program has ever captured more viewers. The professional football championship game outdrew the top television news event in history, the moon landings, and the top entertainment program in history, the last episode of "Roots."

Besides that, in New Orleans, where the Super Bowl was played in—what else?—the Superdome, tens of thousands of visitors and football fans flooded into town, spending millions of dollars.

It was business at its biggest. During Super Bowl week the local private airport handled planes from the largest corporations in America. The game was an excuse for business leaders to gather for a quasi-convention.



During the football season games are generally played on Sundays a week apart (or six days, if a team plays on Monday night). For the Super Bowl, a two-week hiatus is established. This allows 14 full days of ballyhoo in the newspapers and magazines and an inundation of advertising on television.

Compared to all this every major sporting event, from the Indy 500 to the World Series to a heavyweight title fight, is small potatoes.

The Super Bowl was billed as a super-spectacle right from the beginning. After the merger in 1966 of the two warring leagues, the American Football League and the National Football League, football executives decided there should be a game to determine the "world champions." "World," of course, referred to the United States, because football as we know it is played only in this country. (Canada has a game like American football, but with certain rule modifications.)

Commissioner Pete Rozelle sought a catchy name for the championship game. Rozelle is a former public relations man for the Los Angeles Rams (and, before that, the University of San Francisco) who became commissioner, first, of the NFL in 1960 and, then, for both leagues. He is well aware of the impact of image.

Lamar Hunt, owner of the Kansas City Chiefs, had an idea. He had bought his little daughter a Silly Putty ball which bounced crazily around the house. She called it her "super ball." The phrase stuck in Hunt's memory. When suggestions for a name for the new game were sought, Hunt said, "Super Bowl."

The committee agreed the name was perfect. It had that simple, lofty, Madison Avenue promo ring to it.

The first championship game between the leagues was set for January 15, 1967. The contestants were the powerful Green Bay Packers, coached by Vince Lombardi, and the Kansas City Chiefs, led by coach Hank Stram. The Los Angeles Coliseum was the site.

The newer AFL was suffering from a credibility gap. Few knew how good or how bad they were, including the AFL players themselves.

"On the plane, somewhere between Kansas City and Los Angeles, I realized this team was scared to death," said Fred Williamson, left cornerback for the Kansas City Chiefs. "I looked around me and all I saw were zombies. These guys were scared of playing the Green Bay Packers in the first Super Bowl, scared of the unknown."

Just before the game 4,000 pigeons were released into the air, for reasons known only to the NFL.

The game began as Mike Mercer kicked off for KC.

The Packers, led by Bart Starr, Paul Hornung, and Jerry Kramer, scored first, with Max McGee snaring a pass from Starr. A Len Dawson pass to Curtis McClinton tied it up. Then the Packers went on a binge and won the game going away in the second half. Final score: 35-10.

Bart Starr completed 16 of 23 passes for 250 yards and two touchdowns and won the Most Valuable Player Award for the game.

The Pack was back in 1968 to face the Oakland Raiders, and the setting was the Orange Bowl in Miami.

Before the game Lombardi told his troops: "Let me just say this: All the glory, everything that you've had, everything that you've won is going to be small in comparison to winning this one. This is a great thing for you. You're the only team maybe in the history of

the National Football League to ever have this opportunity to win the Super Bowl twice. Boys, I tell you I'd be so proud of that I just fill up with myself. I just get bigger and bigger."

The Packers won, but Lombardi did not float off like a balloon. The Packers were emotionally charged for this game. They knew it would be Lombardi's last as their coach. He would be stepping up to the front office. Two of his players, Jerry Kramer and Forrest Gregg, carried him off the field on their shoulders.

In this game, as in the last, Green Bay led by a small margin at the half (nine points) and then came on strong in the final two quarters to demonstrate their superiority. Starr was named MVP for the second straight year, hitting 13 of 24 tosses for 202 yards and one TD. Don Chandler kicked four field goals for Green Bay.

Henry Jordan of the Packers said, "The AFL is getting better. If they improve as much each year, they'll be on par with us soon."

How right he was. Super Bowl III proved it.

The Baltimore Colts of the NFL were 20-point favorites to best Joe Namath and the New York Jets. In its first two encounters in championship play with the NFL, the AFL had very little to boast about.

This did not faze the Jets' pyrotechnical quarterback Namath. He told a Miami Touchdown Club luncheon a few days before the game, "We are going to win on Sunday. I guarantee it."

He claimed that the AFL had at least four quarterbacks superior to the Colts' Earl Morrall. As it turned out, Morrall did not have a particularly good day. And after a while the Colts had to call in their injured veteran, Johnny Unitas, but he could not set the Colts right, either.

The Jets calmly took charge. Known as a wide-open passing team, they surprised many by establishing a tight ground game. Namath was a master field leader. He worked the fullback, Matt Snell, inside and outside; then, when Baltimore began to converge on Snell, Namath hit the Jet receivers, particularly George Sauer. New York won in a major upset, 16-7.

Snell gained 121 yards rushing on 30 carries, Namath completed 17 of 28 passes for 206 yards and was named MVP.

This game made the Super Bowl a legitimate national sports attraction. And, after eight years, it also established the AFL as being on par with the NFL. One other thing: It made Joe Namath the reigning folk hero of American sports.

To hype the event even more, the NFL and the TV network for Super Bowl IV called the day "Super Sunday." The game between the Kansas City Chiefs and the Minnesota Vikings in New Orleans wasn't quite enough, the football people felt, so they added these attractions before the game: 3,000 pigeons and 20,000 colored balloons were released into the air, and three tons of confetti were flung about.

Fans were shocked when right before the game quarterback Len Dawson's name came up in an investigation of gambling. Dawson was cleared, and he went on to lead the Chiefs to the AFL's second straight Super Bowl victory, an easy 23-7 triumph over the Vikings.

The Chiefs took a 16-0 halftime lead by virtue of Dawson's ability to position his team so that Jan Stenerud could boot three field goals. Dawson completed 12 of 17 passes for 122 yards and was named MVP.

In Super Bowl V Jim O'Brien's field goal from the 32-yard line with five seconds left in the game gave the Colts a victory over the Dallas Cowboys. The final score was 16-13, but the action was not nearly as dramatic as the score might indicate—there were 11 turnovers in the game. It was a particularly satisfying win for the Colts and Earl Morrall, in that they somewhat redeemed their loss to the Jets two years before.

Next it was Dallas's turn to redeem itself. Roger Staubach, the Cowboy quarterback, passed and ran his team to a win over Miami in Super Bowl VI. The Dallas defense held Miami to just one field goal: Cowboys 24, Dolphins 3.

This was also the Super Bowl game in which, for the first and only time in history, a President of the United States sent in a play. Richard Nixon called Don Shula, Miami coach, a few nights before the game and suggested a pass play. It was a down-and-out play in which receiver Paul Warfield was supposed to catch the pass. The play was tried; it failed.

Super Bowl VII matched the Miami Dolphins against the Washington Redskins. The Redskins were called "The Over-the-Hill Gang" because they had so many veteran players. The Dolphins, in contrast, were young and strong, undefeated going into the title game.

Miami played excellent football and led 14-0 with less than three minutes to play. Then Garo Yepremian, the Dolphins' Armenian soccer-style field-goal kicker, misplayed a field goal attempt and tried awkwardly to pass the ball. The pass was intercepted by Mike Bass and returned for Washington's only score.

The Dolphins, led by Larry Csonka, Bob Griese,

and Manny Fernandez, had completed a perfect season—17-0—a pro football record.

The next year, in Super Bowl VIII, the Dolphins were back for their third straight appearance in the championship game. With an awesome display of power and skill they scored the first two times they had the ball, on marches of 62 and 56 yards, in the first quarter.

The Vikings could not score until the last quarter, when Minnesota quarterback Fran Tarkenton ran the ball from the 4-yard line. The final score was Miami 24, Minnesota 7. Csonka established two records in the game—most rushes, 33; most yards gained, 145.

The records did not last long. Franco Harris of Pittsburgh broke them both the following year. Running against Minnesota, again the NFC representative in the Super Bowl game, Harris gained 158 yards on 34 carries. And for the second straight year the Vikings were defeated. The score in Super Bowl IX was 16-6.

The Vikings had made it to the Super Bowl three times and had lost three times. Also, it was the third time their offense had been stymied by their opponents. The Steelers held the Vikings to just 119 yards total offense, including a Super Bowl low of 17 yards rushing. The Steelers, meanwhile, gained 333 yards.

In the following Super Bowl X, 80,187 fans jammed the Orange Bowl to watch the Steelers play the Cowboys. Pittsburgh won this one, 21-17, their second straight Super Bowl victory. Highlights of the game were Terry Bradshaw's 64-yard touchdown pass to Lynn Swann and an aggressive defense that snuffed out a late rally by the Cowboys. The final play was an end-zone interception by Glen Edwards of Pittsburgh.



Swann set a Super Bowl record in the game with four catches for 161 yards, and the Steelers set another record by sacking Staubach seven times. Franco Harris led rushers with 27 attempts for 82 yards. Bradshaw completed 9 of 19 passes for 209 yards.

In Super Bowl XI the Minnesota Vikings made it to the NFL game for the fourth time. The Oakland Raiders were there, too—their first appearance since Super Bowl II. Once again the Vikings fell to defeat, this time by the wide margin of 32-14. A newspaper headline summed it up: "The Vikings: The Most Successful Failures."

Like most of the previous Super Bowl games, XII was a dismal affair artistically. Turnovers were the order of the day. Denver made more than Dallas did, and so succumbed to defeat, 27-10.

SUPER BOWL SUMMARY

1967 at Los Angeles, Green Bay 35, Kansas City 10
1968 at Miami, Green Bay 33, Oakland 14
1969 at Miami, New York Jets 16, Baltimore 7
1970 at New Orleans, Kansas City 23, Minnesota 7
1971 at Miami, Baltimore 16, Dallas 13
1972 at New Orleans, Dallas 24, Miami 3
1973 at Los Angeles, Miami 14, Washington 7
1974 at Houston, Miami 24, Minnesota 7
1975 at New Orleans, Pittsburgh 16, Minnesota 6
1976 at Miami, Pittsburgh 21, Dallas 17
1977 at Pasadena, Oakland 32, Minnesota 14
1978 at New Orleans, Dallas 27, Denver 10

SUPER BOWL XII

**Dallas 27, Denver 10
Superdome, New Orleans
January 15, 1978**

For sheer hoopla and buildup Super Bowl XII rivaled such spectacles as British coronations or Roman circuses. For sheer propagandizing the world has seen nothing like it since World War II—unless it be the events prior to Super Bowl XI.

The National Football League—with the aid of the Columbia Broadcasting System, which was televising the game—cranked the gears that unleashed a flood of publicity for the game.

Commercials galore appeared on CBS-TV for the two weeks leading up to the game. Newspapers across the country gave more space to the impending Super Bowl than they did to many national news events.

When the game finally did appear on the tube, it followed a five-hour pregame show. Some 104 million Americans—moved by football interest, ordinary curiosity, or subliminal persuasion—were tuned to the game.

The Super Bowl is supposed to match the two best teams in professional football, by means of a well-designed playoff system. After 16 weeks of football two of the 28 teams are left. This should spark the bone-crunchingest, most beautiful, precise and skillful football encounter that man could devise. Yet the games have been, with a few exceptions, unaccountably dull.

The reason for this is that coaches would rather err on the side of conservatism in big games than try for razzle-dazzle and take a chance on looking foolish.

Super Bowl XII was termed the game pitting the team of emotion, Denver, against the team of cold execution, Dallas.

As with most generalizations, this was false, too.

To be good a football team must be aroused, stimulated, eager. Dallas, then, was as emotional as Denver, though it was believed that Denver was "higher" for the game than Dallas. Dallas had been in three other Super Bowls, winning one and losing two. The Cowboys' coach, Tom Landry, was famous for his stoic appearance, which gave rise to his team's being termed one of "cold execution."

Duane Thomas, a former Cowboy, once called Landry a "plastic man."

Denver's Broncos knew, though, that for a team to win, it must not only be eager, but also execute its plays well. So they wanted that cold—and efficient—execution, too.

As it happened, this game was like many of the Super Bowls in the past, a mass of fumbles, interceptions, penalties, sacks, and missed opportunities.

The Broncos turned the ball over to Dallas eight times in what many observers felt was the most loosely played of the 12 Super Bowl games. Four of the

turnovers were lost fumbles and four were interceptions against Denver quarterback Craig Morton, who set a Super Bowl record for throwing interceptions.

Dallas played nearly as haphazardly as the Broncos, losing a pair of fumbles, allowing quarterback Roger Staubach to be sacked five times, and setting a Super Bowl record of 12 penalties, including a 12-men-on-the-field error that set up Denver's field goal.

Landry is famous for his defensive maneuvers, and his strategy for this game was to put as much pressure as possible on quarterback Morton. "We did not want to give Craig time to throw," said Landry. Although Morton was sacked only twice, the Dallas front four put so much pressure on Morton that he gained only 30 net yards passing.

Surely the most ballyhooed element of the game dealt with the two starting quarterbacks. For a number of years Staubach and Morton had been competing quarterbacks on the Cowboys. Eventually, one was made the permanent starter, and the other had to be traded off. Because of Staubach's superior ability to run, according to Landry, Morton became dispensable.

Morton traveled to the New York Giants and then to Denver. In New York he was a quarterback on a lackluster team and he took much abuse. At Denver he became a Cinderella-like figure, credited with helping a patched-up team with a rookie coach become a championship club.

Early in the first quarter against the Cowboys Morton threw his first interception. He threw blindly as he was being tackled. "We had him so upset that he lost his cool," said Randy White, one of the Dallas front four defensive men.

Randy Hughes picked off the pass at the Denver 25, and on fourth and inches at the Bronco 3, Tony Dorsett took a deep handoff from Staubach and went off left tackle for a touchdown, the first score of the game. Three more interceptions ensued that first half—by Aaron Kyle, Benny Barnes, and Mark Washington.

Following Morton's second interception, kicker Efren Herrera put the Cowboys on top, 10-0, with a 35-yard field goal. Dallas made it 13-0 on a 43-yarder by Herrera early in the second quarter. That's all they could get despite Morton's third and fourth interceptions and fumbles by John Schultz on a misplaced punt, by Dolbin after a reception, and by tight end Riley Odoms after a reception.

"I think a lot of teams would have been buried by seven turnovers," said Bronco defense man Lyle Alzado.

The Broncos weren't buried in the first half because Herrera missed three field goal attempts. "And because our defense played a hell of a game," said Bronco guard Tom Glassic.

At halftime Bronco Coach Red Miller did not give his team a fiery pep talk. He just scribbled some words on the blackboard and let them sink in before the second half began.

The words that led the list were "seven turnovers, 13 points, hard hit, take away. . . ." and the words at the bottom of Miller's hastily chalked instructions were "kick off return, settle down and offense break the ice."

But the Dallas defense, which was the best in the NFL in the 1977 season, remained resolute. Denver finally scored in the third period on a 47-yard field goal by Jim Turner.

Staubach struck back with a 45-yard touchdown to Butch Johnson, who made a circus catch. "It was just what we needed," said Staubach. "I had been a little disappointed up to this point about our offense."

Rick Upchurch returned the next kickoff 67 yards to the Dallas 26, and on the first play Morton's pass bounced off the hands of Ed (Too Tall) Jones.

With 6:30 left in the third period Coach Red Miller yanked Morton. In front of 76,400 Superdome fans and an estimated 100 million TV viewers, the AFC offensive Player of the Year came out of the game and Norris Weese, a young second-string quarterback, entered.

"Craig and I have a good relationship," said Miller later. "When I told him we were going with Norris, he said, 'All right.' That's all."

"When I was taken out it didn't make me feel good," said Morton. "But I'm not going to play my life over because of it."

It was deep embarrassment for Morton, to be sure.

Weese, a second-year man, gave the Broncos a new dimension. He could run, and Morton was sorehipped. He took the Broncos to their only touchdown. He handed off to rookie fullback Rob Lytle, who went over from the one-yard line.

The Broncos were now within 10 points, at 20-10. Their thousands of orange-shirted followers bellowed from the stands for a comeback. But the Dallas defense broke off everything Weese could attempt. Then, midway in the fourth period, Dallas finally put it all beyond reach with a bit of razzle-dazzle—highly unusual stuff for the notoriously conservative Cowboys. Fullback Bob Newhouse faked a run and threw a 29-yard pass to Golden Richards for a TD.

"At halftime we talked about the Broncos always

saying that the fourth quarter was theirs," said Landry. "We said we had to win the fourth quarter and we did. And that play was the deciding factor."

After Weese had fumbled and Dallas recovered on the Bronco 29, the pass play Newhouse had practiced all week was called. On the first play from scrimmage Newhouse, who is supposed to be mainly a blocking back, had his number called for the play, S-10 Newhouse. Landry had called the play on the sideline.

But Newhouse had a problem. His hands were sticky with the goo that football players use to help them hang onto the ball.

"I was in the huddle licking on my fingers," said Newhouse. "One of the offensive linemen gave me a towel to help wipe the stuff off. It wouldn't come off. I went into panic city."

He probably could have punted it, for Richards had his man beaten easily. Newhouse rolled left with a pitchout, then stopped suddenly and let the ball fly.

Herrera's point after touchdown made it 27-10, to end the game's scoring.

The game was very long. TV timeouts ran long, the halftime ran long, the change of quarters between the third and fourth was extra long. The extra time was for the TV commercials. The whole thing took three hours and 32 minutes, a Super Bowl record that did not appear on the official list of records handed out.

"By the time we came out for the second half," said Cowboy free safety Cliff Harris, "it seemed like a year had passed."

Two defensive linemen for Dallas—Harvey Martin and Randy White—shared the Most Valuable Player award, which indicates where much of the credit for victory was due.

At game's end the Denver fans—that hardy, loud, exuberant group—stayed on in the stands, chanting “We love our Broncos,” and “We’ll be back.” They had cheered their team through the streets of New Orleans in days past, had cheered even the warmups of their team before the game, and had continued to applaud and holler encouragement even in the face of certain disaster.

The great puffed-up game was over. The Cowboys were elated with victory. The Broncos were sad with defeat. But just minutes after a disappointing loss the loyal Denver fans were starting to fuel up for next season.

Super Bowl Summary

Dallas	10	3	7	7-27
Denver	0	0	10	0-10

Dal. Den.

FIRST PERIOD

- | | | |
|----|---|---|
| 7 | 0 | Dorsett 3-yard run at 10:31 (Herrera kick). 25-yard drive in 5 plays after Hughes intercepted Morton's pass at Denver 25. Key plays: Staubach pass to DuPree for 13; Dorsett run for 6. |
| 10 | 0 | Herrera, FG, 35 at 13:29. 17-yard drive in 6 plays after Morton pass intercepted by Kyle who returned 19 yards to Denver 35. Key play: Dorsett run for 18 to 8. |

SECOND PERIOD

- | | | |
|----|---|--|
| 13 | 0 | Herrera, FG, 43 at 3:44. 32-yard drive in 8 plays. Key play: Staubach pass to DuPree for 19 to 23. |
|----|---|--|

THIRD PERIOD

- | | | |
|----|----|--|
| 13 | 3 | Turner, FG, 47 at 2:28. 35-yard drive in 9 plays after 25-yard kickoff return by Upchurch. Key play: Dallas penalty giving Denver first down after fourth down fake punt failed. |
| 20 | 3 | Johnson, 45-yard pass from Staubach at 8:01 (Herrera kick). 58-yard drive in 6 plays. Key play: Staubach pass to D. Pearson for 13. |
| 20 | 10 | Lytle, 1-yard run at 9:21 (Turner kick). 26-yard drive in 5 plays after Upchurch returned kickoff 67 yards to Dal. 26. Key play: Jensen 16-yard run. |

FOURTH PERIOD

- | | | |
|----|----|--|
| 27 | 10 | Richards, 29-yard pass from Newhouse at 7:56 (Herrera kick). 29-yard drive in 1 play after Kyle recovered Weese's fumble at Den. 29. Weese had been hit by Martin. |
|----|----|--|

Cowboys		Broncos
17.....	First downs	11
38-143	Rushes-yards	29-121
182.....	Passing yards	35
97.....	Return yards	195
19-28-0	Passes	8-25-4
5-42	Punts	4-38
6-2	Fumbles-lost	4-4
12-94	Penalties-yards	8-60

Individual Leaders

RUSHING—Dallas, Dorsett 15-66, Newhouse 14-55, White 1-13. Denver, Lytle 10-35, Armstrong 7-27, Weese 3-26.

PASSING—Dallas, Staubach 17-25-0, 183; White 1-2-0, 5; Newhouse 1-1-0, 29. Denver, Morton 4-15-4, 39; Weese 4-10-0, 22.

RECEIVING—Dallas, P. Pearson 5-37, DuPree 4-66, Johnson 2-53, Richards 2-38, Dorsett 2-11. Denver, Dolbin 2-24, Odoms 2-9, Moses 1-21.

Super Bowl Records Set

- Most Yards Gained, Passing, Career —
506 Roger Staubach
- Highest Passing Completion Percentage,
Career — 64.7 Roger Staubach (44-68)
- Most Touchdowns Passing, Career — 5
Roger Staubach
- Most Passes Had Intercepted, Game —
4 Craig Morton (15 Att.)
- Most Passes Had Intercepted, Career
— 7 Craig Morton (41 Att.)
- Most Field Goals Attempted, Career —
6 Jim Turner (2 Games)
- Most Yards Gained Kickoff Returns,
Game — 94 Rick Upchurch
- Longest Kickoff Return, Game — 67.
Rick Upchurch
- Highest Average Kickoff Returns,
Game — 31.3 Rick Upchurch
- Most Fumbles, Career — 4
— Roger Staubach
- Fewest First Downs, Passing,
Game — One, Denver
- Fewest First Downs Passing,
Both Teams, Game — 9
Denver (1), Dallas (8)
- Fewest Yards Passing, Game — 61
Denver
- Fewest Yards Gained, Punt Returns,
Game — 0 Denver
- Most Yards Gained, Kickoff Returns
Game — 173 Denver
- Longest Kickoff Return,
Game — 67 Denver
- Most Yards Gained, Kickoff Returns,
Both Teams, Game — 224 Denver
(173), Dallas (51)
- Highest Average Kickoff Returns,
Game — 28.8 Denver

Most Penalties, Game—12 Dallas
Most Penalties, Both Teams,
Game—20 Dallas (12), Denver (8)
Most Fumbles, Game—6 Dallas
Most Fumbles, Both Teams,
Game—10 Dallas (6), Denver (4)
Most Fumbles, Recovered,
Game—8 Dallas (4 opp, 4 own)
Most Points, Third Quarter,
Both Teams—17 (Denver 10,
Dallas 7)

Super Bowl Records Tied

Most Field Goals Attempted,
Game—5 Efren Herrera
Most Field Goals Made,
Career—4 Jim Turner, 2 games
Most Fumbles Recovered,
Game—2 Randy Hughes, Dallas
Most Times Tackled Attempted to Pass,
Both Teams, Game—9
Dallas (5), Denver (4)
Most Touchdowns Passing, Game—2
Dallas
Fewest Touchdowns Passing, Game—0
Denver
Most Interceptions By, Game—4
Dallas

PRO BOWL

**National Conference 14,
American Conference 13
Tampa Stadium
January 23, 1978**

In what may have been the most controversial game in the 28-year history of the Pro Bowl, the National Conference beat the American Conference 14-13.

"We wuz robbed," shouted the AFC players.

"Sour grapes," replied the NFC winners.

Let's set the scene for the turning point in the game, the play on which all the controversy centers.

The AFC had lost a 13-0 halftime lead, and the NFC led 14-13 with three and a half minutes left in the game.

With Ken Stabler at quarterback the American Conference was on the move. The AFC was now on the NFC's 26-yard line, second down and nine yards to go for a first down.

As Stabler dropped back to pass, he was swarmed upon by a bunch of tacklers led by San Francisco defensive tackle Cleveland Elam. The AFC was knocked out of field goal range, and Toni Linhart's

three-point attempt at 2:58 fell short. The AFC never regained the ball.

Where was the controversy?

The rules of the game say that "blitzing," a hard rush from the end positions on the quarterback, is illegal except on third down and in short-yardage situations by outside linebackers.

In a non-championship game such as the Pro Bowl, which matches the all-star players from each conference, blitzing is not allowed because it is too dangerous on quarterbacks. The teams have so little time to prepare for this game, the offensive blockers aren't sufficiently organized to protect the quarterback.

The AFC claimed that the NFC blitzed, and that was why Stabler was sacked. The NFC denies having used the outside linebackers.

"If they want to use blitzes, which are against the rules, if they want to win that bad, there's not much we can do about it," fumed Miami center Jim Langer.

Langer's teammate, quarterback Bob Griese, added, "It's \$2,500 you're talking about (the difference between the winners' \$5,000 share and the losers' \$2,500), and apparently that means a lot to some people—enough to skirt the rules. I hate to see it."

But Dallas defensive end Harvey Martin said, "The AFC is crying 'cause they lost. Of course we were legal. . . ." He added with a little smile, "I didn't see no blitz."

The controversy did not overshadow the exceptional performance of Walter Payton, the Chicago Bears' star running back. He scored one of the NFC's touchdowns and was the game's leading rusher with 77 yards in 13 carries.

The 5-11, 205-pound third-year man was named

the game's Most Valuable Player. "Those guys were really something," said Payton afterward, referring to his offensive line.

The AFC was rated a seven-point favorite and dominated the game in the first half. Linhart opened scoring with a field goal. The NFC had two scoring threats before the AFC got on the scoreboard again.

But the NFC's Efren Herrera missed a 38-yard field goal and then, with Pat Haden leading a long drive, the NFC failed to score with first down at the AFC four-yard line. Jack Ham of the Pittsburgh Steelers intercepted Haden's pass intended for Larry McCutcheon near the goal line.

With six Oakland Raiders in the lineup the AFC moved 97 yards in 14 plays. The bulk of the advance was credited to three of those Raiders, quarterback Stabler, tight end Dave Casper, and wide receiver Cliff Branch. The scoring play was a 10-yard pass from Stabler to Branch.

Stabler also engineered the AFC's last scoring drive of the game. This also came in the first half. With time running out in the second period, the AFC moved from its own 45 to the NFC's 22 before the drive stalled. With three seconds on the clock the AFC called on Linhart again, and this time he responded with a 46-yard field goal.

The NFC's scoring came with touchdowns in the third and fourth quarters. Haden passed to Terry Metcalf from four yards out for one—Haden completing all four of his passes on that drive. The final NFC drive was spearheaded by Jim Hart's passing (five out of six attempts) and Payton's 20-yard burst, followed by a one-yard plunge for the touchdown.



Terry Bradshaw looks to throw.

Pro Bowl Scoring

AFC	3	10	0	0-13
NFC	0	0	7	7-14

AFC—FG—Linhart (21) 12:41 (Set up by Griesse-to-Francis for 43)

AFC—Branch (pass from Stabler) 10 (Linhart PAT) 9:00 (97 yards in 14 plays; Stabler 5-for-6 for 59 yards)

AFC—FG—Linhart (39) 14:57 (Set up by third-down defensive holding penalty vs Robertson at NFC 33)

NFC—Metcalf (pass from Haden) 4 (Herrera PAT) 6:07 (46 yards in nine plays after Brown's 31-yard punt return)

NFC—Payton (plunge) 3 (Herrera PAT) 7:23 (63 yards in 12 plays as Hart goes 5-for-6 for 39 yards and DuPree catches 4-for-29)

Att: 50,716

1977 STATISTICS

1977 NATIONAL FOOTBALL LEAGUE INDIVIDUAL LEADERS

NFC

LEADING SCORERS

TOUCHDOWNS

	TDs	Rush.	Rec.	Ret.	Pts.
Payton, Chi.	16	14	2	0	96
Dorsett, Dall.	13	12	1	0	78
Childs, N.O.	9	0	9	0	54
Foreman, Minn.	9	6	3	0	54
McCutcheon, L.A.	9	7	2	0	54
Morris, St.L.	9	8	1	0	54
S. White, Minn.	9	0	9	0	54
De. Williams, S.F.	9	7	2	0	54
Carmichael, Phil.	7	0	7	0	42
Jackson, S.F.	7	7	0	0	42
Muncie, N.O.	7	6	1	0	42

KICKING

	PAT	FG	LG	Pts.
Herrera, Dall.	39/41	18/29	52	93
Septien, L.A.	32/35	18/30	45	86
Moseley, Wash.	19/19	21/37	54	82
Thomas, Chi.	27/30	14/27	47	69
Danelo, N.Y.	19/20	14/23	51	61
Bakken, St.L.	35/36	7/16	49	56
Wersching, S.F.	23/23	10/17	50	53
Marcol, G.B.	11/14	13/21	44	50
Cox, Minn.	25/29	8/17	42	49
Mike-Mayer, Phil.	14/14	10/22	44	44
Szaro, N.O.	29/31	5/12	31	44

Best Performance: 24 pts., Wayne Morris, St.L. vs N.O. 10/23—4 TDs

AFC

LEADING SCORERS

TOUCHDOWNS

	TDs	Rush.	Rec.	Ret.	Pts.
N. Moore, Mia.	13	1	12	0	78
Harris, Pitt.	11	11	0	0	66
Largent, Sea.	10	0	10	0	60
Burrough, Hou.	8	0	8	0	48
McCauley, Balt.	8	6	2	0	48
Sims, Sea.	8	5	3	0	48
B. Johnson, Hou.	7	1	3	3	42
Mitchell, Balt.	7	3	4	0	42
Stallworth, Pitt.	7	0	7	0	42
Swann, Pitt.	7	0	7	0	42
van Eeghen, Oak.	7	7	0	0	42

KICKING

	PAT	FG	LG	Pts.
Mann, Oak.	39/42	20/28	42	99
Linhart, Balt.	32/35	17/26	45	83
Bahr, Cin.	25/26	19/27	47	82
Cockroft, Clev.	30/31	17/23	44	81
Smith, N.E.	33/33	15/21	44	78
Turner, Den.	31/34	13/19	48	76*
Benirschke, S.D.	21/24	17/23	47	72
Yepremian, Mia.	37/40	10/22	48	67
Leahy, N.Y.	18/21	15/25	48	63
Gerela, Pitt.	34/37	9/14	49	61
Leypoldt, Sea.	33/37	9/18	51	60

*Scored 1 TD Receiving

Best Performance: 18 pts., Nat Moore, Mia. vs S.F. 9/25—3 TDs; Larry Poole, Clev. vs Pitt. 11/13—3 TDs; Nat Moore, Mia. vs St. L. 11/24—3 TDs

NFC

LEADING RUSHERS

	Att.	Yards	Avg.	Long	TDs
Payton, Chi.	339	1852	5.5	73	14
McCutcheon, L.A.	294	1238	4.2	48	7
Foreman, Minn.	270	1112	4.1	51	6
Dorsett, Dall.	208	1007	4.8	84	12
De. Williams, S.F.	269	934	3.5	40	7
Stanback, Atl.	247	873	3.5	35	6
Muncie, N.O.	201	811	4.0	36	6
Thomas, Wash.	228	806	3.5	31	3
Jackson, S.F.	179	780	4.4	80	7
Metcalf, St.L.	149	739	5.0	62	4
Newhouse, Dall.	180	721	4.0	29	3
Morris, St.L.	165	661	4.0	35	8
Galbreath, N.O.	168	644	3.8	26	3
Cappelletti, L.A.	178	598	3.4	15	5
Hammond, N.Y.	154	577	3.7	30	3
Ba. Smith, G.B.	166	554	3.3	11	2
Hogan, Phil.	155	546	3.5	19	0

Best Performance: 275 yds. (40 att.), Walter Payton, Chi. vs Minn. 11/20—1 TD

Longest: 84 yds., Tony Dorsett, Dall. vs Phil. 12/4—TD

AFC

LEADING RUSHERS

	Att.	Yards	Avg.	Long	TDs
van Eeghen, Oak.	324	1273	3.9	27	7
Harris, Pitt.	300	1162	3.9	61	11
Mitchell, Balt.	301	1159	3.9	64	3
G. Pruitt, Clev.	236	1086	4.6	78	3
Cunningham, N.E.	270	1015	3.8	31	4
Davis, Oak.	194	787	4.1	37	5
Smith, Sea.	163	763	4.7	39	4
Miller, Clev.	163	756	4.6	38	4
Calhoun, N.E.	198	727	3.7	25	4
Coleman, Hou.	185	660	3.6	22	5
Carpenter, Hou.	144	652	4.5	77	1
Malone, Mia.	129	615	4.8	66	5
Gaines, N.Y.	158	595	3.8	19	3
P. Johnson, Cin.	152	583	3.8	65	4
Simpson, Buff.	126	557	4.4	39	0
Podolak, K.C.	133	550	4.1	41	5
Griffin, Cin.	137	549	4.0	31	0

Best Performance: 179 yds., Franco Harris, Pitt., vs Dall. 11/20—2 TDs

Longest: 78 yds., Greg Pruitt, Clev. vs K.C.10/30—TD

NFC

LEADING PASSERS (168 attempts)

	Att.	Comp.	Pct. Comp.	Yds Gnd	Avg Yds Gained	TD Pass	TD	Pct. TD	LP	Int.	Pct. Int.	Rating
Staubach, Dall.	361	210	58.2	2620	7.26	18	18	5.0	67	9	2.5	87.1
Haden, L.A.	216	122	56.5	1551	7.18	11	11	5.1	58	6	2.8	84.4
Tarkenton, Minn.	258	155	60.1	1734	6.72	9	9	3.5	59	14	5.4	69.3
Landry, Det.	240	135	56.3	1359	5.66	6	6	2.5	39	7	2.9	68.8
Manning, N.O.	205	113	55.1	1284	6.26	8	8	3.9	59	9	4.4	68.8
Kilmer, Wash.	201	99	49.3	1187	5.91	8	8	4.0	59	7	3.5	66.6
Hart, St.L.	354	185	52.3	2534	7.16	13	13	3.7	69	20	5.6	64.5
Plunkett, S.F.	248	128	51.6	1693	6.83	9	9	3.6	47	14	5.6	62.2
Avellini, Chi.	293	154	52.6	2004	6.84	11	11	3.8	75	18	6.1	61.7
Jaworski, Phil.	346	166	48.0	2183	6.31	18	18	5.2	55	21	6.1	60.3
Theismann, Wash.	182	84	46.2	1097	6.03	7	7	3.8	52	9	4.9	58.0
Dickey, G.B.	220	113	51.4	1346	6.12	5	5	2.3	95	14	6.4	51.4
Pisarcik, N.Y.	241	103	42.7	1346	5.59	4	4	1.7	82	14	5.8	42.5

Longest: 95 yds., Lynn Dickey (to Steve Odem), G.B. vs Minn. 10/2—TD Rating based on pct. comp.; avg. yds. gained; pct. TD; pct. int.

AFC

LEADING PASSERS
(168 attempts)

	Att.	Comp.	Comp.	Pct.	Yds Gnd	Avg Yds Gained	TD Pass	Pct. TD	LP	Int.	Pct. Int.	Rating
Griese, Mia.	307	180	58.6	2252	7.34	22	7.2	73	13	4.2	88.0	
Morton, Den.	254	131	51.6	1929	7.59	14	5.5	81	8	3.1	82.1	
Jones, Balt.	393	224	57.0	2686	6.83	17	4.3	78	11	2.8	80.7	
Stabler, Oak.	294	169	57.5	2176	7.40	20	6.8	44	20	6.8	75.2	
Bradshaw, Pitt.	314	162	51.6	2523	8.04	17	5.4	65	19	6.1	71.2	
K. Anderson, Cin.	323	166	51.4	2145	6.64	11	3.4	94	11	3.4	69.8	
Grogan, N.E.	305	160	52.5	2162	7.09	17	5.6	68	21	6.9	65.3	
Pastorini, Hou.	319	169	53.0	1987	6.23	13	4.1	85	18	5.6	62.6	
Sipe, Clev.	195	112	57.4	1233	6.32	9	4.6	52	14	7.2	61.6	
Todd, N.Y.	265	133	50.2	1863	7.03	11	4.2	87	17	6.4	60.6	
Livingston, K.C.	282	143	50.7	1823	6.46	9	3.2	49	15	5.3	59.8	
Harris, S.D.	211	110	52.1	1240	5.88	5	2.4	78	11	5.2	56.3	
Ferguson, Buff.	457	221	48.4	2803	6.13	12	2.6	42	24	5.3	54.6	
Zorn, Sea.	251	104	41.4	1687	6.72	16	6.4	82	19	7.6	54.3	

Longest: 94 yds., Ken Anderson (to Billy Brooks), Cin. vs Minn. 11/13—TD Rating based on pct. comp.; avg. yds. gained; pct. TD; pct. int.

NFC

LEADING PASS RECEIVERS

	No.	Yards	Avg.	Long	TDs
Rashad, Minn.	51	681	13.4	48	2
Scott, Chi.	50	809	16.2	72	3
D. Pearson, Dall.	48	870	18.1	67	2
H. Jackson, L.A.	48	666	13.9	58	6
Carmichael, Phil.	46	665	14.5	50	7
P. Pearson, Dall. (rb)	46	535	11.6	36	4
S. White, Minn.	41	760	18.5	69	9
Galbreath, N.O. (rb)	41	265	6.5	30	0
Harris, St. L.	40	547	13.7	38	3
King, Det. (rb)	40	238	6.0	30	0
Jenkins, Atl.	39	677	17.4	73	4
Gray, St.L.	38	782	20.6	69	5
Foreman, Minn. (rb)	38	308	8.1	31	3
Ba. Smith, G.B. (rb)	37	340	9.2	42	1
Fugett, Wash.	36	631	17.5	52	5
Owens, T.B.	34	655	19.3	67	3
Grant, Wash.	34	480	14.1	59	3
McClanahan, Minn. (rb)	34	276	8.1	23	2

Best Performance: 9 (55 yds.), Tony Galbreath, N.O. vs S.D. 10/9

9 (166 yds.), Morris Owens, T.B. vs Sea. 10/16—1 TD

AFC

LEADING PASS RECEIVERS

	No.	Yards	Avg.	Long	TDs
Mitchell, Balt. (rb)	71	620	8.7	38	4
Chandler, Buff.	60	745	12.4	31	4
Gaines, N.Y. (rb)	55	469	8.5	31	1
N. Moore, Mia.	52	765	14.7	73	12
McCauley, Balt. (rb)	51	495	9.7	34	2
Swann, Pitt.	50	789	15.8	46	7
White, K.C.	48	674	14.0	48	5
Casper, Oak.	48	584	12.2	27	6
Young, S.D. (rb)	48	423	8.8	28	0
Stallworth, Pitt.	44	784	17.8	49	7
Burrough, Hou.	43	816	19.0	85	8
Braxton, Buff. (rb)	43	461	10.7	27	1
Cunningham, N.E. (rb)	42	370	8.8	35	1
Gant, Buff.	41	646	15.8	39	2
Miller, Cleve. (rb)	41	291	7.1	28	1
Brooks, Cin.	39	772	19.8	94	4
Stingley, N.E.	39	657	16.8	68	5

Best Performance: 11 (112 yds.), Don McCauley, Balt.vs Den. 11/27

NFC

LEADING PUNTERS

	No.	Yds.	Lg	Avg.	TB	Blk	Ret.	Ret. Yds.	In	Net Avg.
Blanchard, N.O.	82	3474	66	42.4	11	2	51	604	20	31.5
James, Atl.	105	4349	61	41.4	13	0	58	519	11	31.0
Parsons, Chi.	80	3232	58	40.4	7	2	42	216	19	34.0
Green, T.B.	98	3948	70	40.3	6	1	71	469	17	35.1
Jennings, N.Y.	100	3993	58	39.9	4	0	67	680	16	33.9
Beverly, G.B.	85	3391	59	39.9	9	1	53	311	19	32.3
Clabo, Minn.	83	3302	69	39.8	11	0	42	507	16	33.7
D. White, Dall.	80	3171	57	39.6	10	1	36	280	19	31.0
Bragg, Wash.	91	3502	56	38.5	4	0	50	228	25	33.2
Jones, Phil.	93	3463	68	37.2	5	2	45	244	29	35.1
Summers, Det.	93	3420	51	36.8	5	1	58	407	22	32.8
Carrell, St.L.	63	2314	56	36.7	5	0	35	272	6	31.0
Wittum, S.F.	77	2801	54	36.4	4	3	47	444	13	30.8
Walker, L.A.	73	2568	56	35.2	8	0	29	116	10	28.5
									11	31.4

Longest: 70 yds., Dave Green, T.B. vs Det. 11/20

AFC

LEADING PUNTERS

	No.	Yds.	Lg	Avg.	TB	Blk	Ret.	Ret. Yds.	In	Net Avg.
Guy, Oak.	59	2552	74	43.3	14	0	31	217	20	34.8
McNally, Cin.	67	2802	67	41.8	3	1	37	267	11	36.4
Wilson, K.C.	88	3510	59	39.9	5	1	50	702	16	30.4
Bateman, Buff.	81	3229	75	39.9	10	2	42	604	11	29.2
Weaver, Sea.	58	2293	59	39.5	4	1	39	336	14	31.8
Parsely, Hou.	77	3030	55	39.4	9	2	46	340	10	31.8
Dilts, Den.	90	3525	63	39.2	5	0	55	397	12	33.6
Coleman, Cleve.	61	2389	58	39.2	2	0	31	558	19	29.4
D. Lee, Balt.	82	3142	59	38.3	9	2	44	481	23	29.5
Michel, Mia.	35	1338	61	38.2	0	0	22	202	19	32.5
West, S.D.	72	2707	59	37.6	3	1	40	378	9	31.1
Ramsey, N.Y.	62	2298	61	37.1	8	0	35	301	10	29.6
Walden, Pitt.	67	2482	65	37.0	5	1	33	380	8	29.4
Patrick, N.E.	65	2354	64	36.2	6	3	33	270	13	28.9

Longest: 75 yds., Marv Bateman, Buff. vs Wash. 12/4

NFC

PUNT RETURN LEADERS

	No.	Yards	Avg.	Long	TDs
Marshall, Phil.	46	489	10.6	48	0
Hammond, N.Y.	32	334	10.4	68	1
Payton, Det.	30	290	9.7	87	1
Schubert, Chi.	31	291	9.4	70	1
Harrell, G.B.	28	253	9.0	75	1
Reece, T.B.	31	276	8.9	36	0
Johnson, Dall.	50	423	8.5	38	0
Brown, Wash.	57	452	7.9	43	0
Metcalf, St.L.	14	108	7.7	23	0
Mauti, N.O.	37	281	7.6	33	0
Waddy, L.A.	31	219	7.1	48	0
Bryant, L.A.	20	141	7.1	26	0
Leonard, S.F.	22	154	7.0	19	0
Lawrence, Atl.	51	352	6.9	37	0

Longest: 87 yds., Eddie Payton, Det. vs Minn. 12/17—TD

AFC

PUNT RETURN LEADERS

	No.	Yards	Avg.	Long	TDs
B. Johnson, Hou.	35	539	15.4	87	2
Morgan, N.E.	16	220	13.8	53	0
Moody, Buff.	15	196	13.1	91	1
Fuller, S.D.	28	360	12.9	88	1
Upchurch, Den.	51	653	12.8	87	1
Harper, N.Y.	34	425	12.5	49	0
Davis, Cin.	19	220	11.6	70	0
Kimbrough, Buf.	16	184	11.5	73	1
Rodgers, S.D.	15	158	10.5	52	0
Colzie, Oak.	32	334	10.4	23	0
Woolsey, Clev.	32	290	9.1	44	0
Solomon, Mia.	32	285	8.9	39	0
Stevens, Balt.	34	301	8.9	24	0
Haynes, N.E.	24	200	8.3	46	0
Green, K.C.	14	115	8.2	18	0
J. Smith, Pitt.	36	294	8.2	30	0

Longest: 91 yds., Keith Moody, Buff. vs Clev. 10/23—TD

NFC

KICKOFF RETURN LEADERS

	No.	Yards	Avg.	Long	TDs
Montgomery, Phil.	23	619	26.9	99	1
Chapman, N.O.	15	385	25.7	92	1
Brown, Wash.	34	852	25.1	46	0
Payton, Det.	22	548	24.9	98	1
Johnson, Dall.	22	536	24.4	64	0
Baschnagel, Chi.	23	557	24.2	84	1
Metcalf, St.L.	32	772	24.1	51	0
Brinson, Dall.	17	409	24.1	41	0
Hofer, S.F.	36	863	24.0	48	0
Kane, Det.	16	376	23.5	33	0
Hagins, T.B.	21	493	23.5	41	0
Marshall, Phil.	20	455	22.8	44	0
Mauti, N.O.	27	609	22.6	38	0
Hammond, N.Y.	19	419	22.1	31	0
Moore, Minn.	24	524	21.8	48	0
Tyler, L.A.	24	523	21.8	37	0

Longest: 99 yds., Wilbert Montgomery, Phil. vs N.Y.G. 12/11—TD

AFC

KICKOFF RETURN LEADERS

	No.	Yards	Avg.	Long	TDs
Clayborn, N.E.	28	869	31.0	101	3
Davis, Mia.	14	414	29.6	73	0
B. Johnson, Hou.	25	640	25.6	76	1
Harper, N.Y.	42	1035	24.6	60	0
J. Smith, Pitt.	16	381	23.8	37	0
Kimbrough, Buff.	15	346	23.1	27	0
L. Smith, Pitt.	16	365	22.8	33	0
Upchurch, Den.	20	456	22.8	32	0
Hunter, Sea.	36	820	22.8	41	0
Laird, Balt.	24	541	22.5	35	0
Shelby, Cin.	19	403	21.2	38	0
Moody, Buff.	30	636	21.2	45	0
Williams, Clev.	25	518	20.7	48	0

Longest: 101 yds., Raymond Clayborn, N.E. vs Balt. 12/18—TD

NFC

INTERCEPTION LEADERS

	No.	Yards	Long	TDs
Lawrence, Atl.	7	138	36	0
Simpson, L.A.	6	157	42	0
Sanders, Phil.	6	122	45	0
Hunter, Det.	6	104	26	0
Ellis, Chi.	6	23	11	0
Edwards, Phil.	6	9	6	0
Logan, Phil.	5	124	45	0
Thomas, L.A.	5	97	30	0
M. Jackson, L.A.	5	73	33	0
Washington, T.B.	5	71	45	1
Houston, Wash.	5	69	31	0
Brown, Atl.	5	56	24	0
Wehrli, St. L.	5	44	41	0
Harris, Dall.	5	7	7	0

Longest: 79 yds., Thomas Henderson, Dall. vs T.B. 10/2—TD
Mike Sensibaugh, St.L. vs N.Y.G. 10/31—TD

AFC

INTERCEPTION LEADERS

	No.	Yards	Long	TDs
Blackwood, Balt.	10	163	37	0
Greene, Buff.	9	144	47	0
Barbaro, K.C.	8	165	102	1
Clark, Buff.	7	151	43	0
White, Balt.	7	84	19	0
Tatum, Oak.	6	146	41	0
Darden, Clev.	6	107	49	1
Blount, Pitt.	6	65	37	0
Beamon, Sea.	6	36	20	0
Thompson, Den.	5	122	38	0
Reinfeldt, Hou.	5	78	30	0
Allen, Pitt.	5	76	48	0
Fuller, S.D.	5	61	37	0
Haynes, N.E.	5	54	22	0

Longest: 102 yds., Gary Barbaro, K.C. vs Sea. 12/11—TD

STANDINGS AND CLUB RECORDS

NFL

1977 FINAL STANDINGS

NFC

EASTERN DIVISION

	W	L	T	Pct.	Pts.	OP
*Dallas	12	2	0	.857	345	212
Washington	9	5	0	.643	196	189
St. Louis	7	7	0	.500	272	287
Philadelphia	5	9	0	.357	220	207
N.Y. Giants	5	9	0	.357	181	265

WESTERN DIVISION

	W	L	T	Pct.	Pts.	OP
*Los Angeles	10	4	0	.714	302	146
Atlanta	7	7	0	.500	179	129
San Francisco	5	9	0	.357	220	260
New Orleans	3	11	0	.214	232	336

CENTRAL DIVISION

	W	L	T	Pct.	Pts.	OP
*Minnesota	9	5	0	.643	231	227
†Chicago	9	5	0	.643	255	253
Detroit	6	8	0	.429	183	252
Green Bay	4	10	0	.286	134	219
Tampa Bay	2	12	0	.143	103	223

AFC

EASTERN DIVISION

	W	L	T	Pct.	Pts.	OP
*Baltimore	10	4	0	.714	295	221
Miami	10	4	0	.714	313	197
New England	9	5	0	.643	278	217
N.Y. Jets	3	11	0	.214	191	300
Buffalo	3	11	0	.214	160	313

WESTERN DIVISION

	W	L	T	Pct.	Pts.	OP
*Denver	12	2	0	.857	274	148
†Oakland	11	3	0	.786	351	230
San Diego	7	7	0	.500	222	205
Seattle	5	9	0	.357	282	373
Kansas City	2	12	0	.143	225	349

CENTRAL DIVISION

	W	L	T	Pct.	Pts.	OP
*Pittsburgh	9	5	0	.643	283	243
Houston	8	6	0	.571	299	230
Cincinnati	8	6	0	.571	238	235
Cleveland	6	8	0	.429	269	267

*Division Winner

†Wild Card for Playoffs

CLUB-BY-CLUB 1977 RECORDS

NFC

EASTERN DIVISION

PHILADELPHIA (5-9)

13	*Tampa Bay	3
0	Los Angeles	20
13	Detroit	17
28	New York Giants	10
17	*St. Louis	21
10	*Dallas	16
17	Washington	23
28	*New Orleans	7
14	*Washington	17
16	St. Louis	21
6	New England	14
14	Dallas	24
17	*New York Giants	14
27	*New York Jets	0
220		207

WASHINGTON (9-5)

17	New York Giants	20
10	*Atlanta	6
24	*St. Louis	14
10	Tampa Bay	0
16	Dallas	34
6	*New York Giants	17
23	*Philadelphia	17
3	Baltimore	10
17	Philadelphia	14
10	*Green Bay	9
7	*Dallas	14
10	Buffalo	0
26	St. Louis	20
17	*Los Angeles	14
196		189

ST. LOUIS (7-7)

0	Denver	7
16	*Chicago	13
14	Washington	24
24	*Dallas	30
21	Philadelphia	17
49	*New Orleans	31
28	*New York Giants	0
27	Minnesota	7
24	Dallas	17
21	*Philadelphia	16
14	*Miami	55
7	New York Giants	27
20	*Washington	26
7	Tampa Bay	17
272		287

DALLAS (12-2)

16	Minnesota OT	10
41	*New York Giants	21
23	*Tampa Bay	7
30	St. Louis	24
34	*Washington	16
16	Philadelphia	10
37	*Detroit	0
24	New York Giants	10
17	*St. Louis	24
13	Pittsburgh	28
14	Washington	7
24	*Philadelphia	14
42	San Francisco	35
14	*Denver	6
345		212

OT denotes overtime

*Denotes home game

NEW YORK GIANTS (5-9)

20	*Washington	17
21	Dallas	41
3	Atlanta	17
10	*Philadelphia	28
20	*San Francisco	17
17	Washington	6
0	St. Louis	28
10	*Dallas	24
10	Tampa Bay	0
7	*Cleveland	21
13	Cincinnati	30
27	*St. Louis	7
14	Philadelphia	17
9	*Chicago OT	12
181		265

WESTERN DIVISION**ATLANTA (7-7)**

17	*Los Angeles	6
6	Washington	10
17	*New York Giants	3
7	San Francisco	0
0	Buffalo	3
16	Chicago	10
7	*Minnesota	14
3	*San Francisco	10
17	*Detroit	6
20	New Orleans	21
17	Tampa Bay	0
10	*New England	16
7	Los Angeles	23
35	*New Orleans	7
179		129

LOS ANGELES (10-4)

6	Atlanta	17
20	*Philadelphia	0
34	*San Francisco	14
23	Chicago	24
14	*New Orleans	7
35	*Minnesota	3
26	New Orleans	27
31	*Tampa Bay	0
24	Green Bay	6
23	San Francisco	10
9	Cleveland	0
20	*Oakland	14
23	*Atlanta	7
14	Washington	17
302		146

NEW ORLEANS (3-11)

20	*Green Bay	24
19	Detroit	23
42	Chicago	24
0	*San Diego	14
7	Los Angeles	14
31	St. Louis	49
27	*Los Angeles	26
7	Philadelphia	28
7	*San Francisco OT	10
21	*Atlanta	20
17	San Francisco	20
13	*New York Jets	16
14	*Tampa Bay	33
7	Atlanta	35
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232		336

SAN FRANCISCO (5-9)

0	Pittsburgh	27
15	*Miami	19
14	Los Angeles	34
0	*Atlanta	7
17	New York Giants	20
28	*Detroit	7
20	*Tampa Bay	10
10	Atlanta	3
10	New Orleans OT	7
10	*Los Angeles	23
20	*New Orleans	17
27	Minnesota	28
35	*Dallas	42
14	Green Bay	16
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220		260

CENTRAL DIVISION**GREEN BAY (4-10)**

24	New Orleans	20
10	*Houston	16
7	Minnesota	19
7	*Cincinnati	17
6	Detroit	10
13	Tampa Bay	0
0	*Chicago	26
10	Kansas City	20
6	*Los Angeles	24
9	Washington	10
6	*Minnesota	13
10	*Detroit	9
10	Chicago	21
16	*San Francisco	14
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134		219

MINNESOTA (9-5)

10	*Dallas OT	16
9	Tampa Bay	3
19	*Green Bay	7
14	*Detroit	7
22	*Chicago OT	16
3	Los Angeles	35
14	Atlanta	7
7	*St. Louis	27
42	*Cincinnati	10
7	Chicago	10
13	Green Bay	6
28	*San Francisco	27
13	Oakland	35
30	Detroit	21
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231		227

TAMPA BAY (2-12)

3	Philadelphia	13
3	*Minnesota	9
7	Dallas	23
0	*Washington	10
23	Seattle	30
0	*Green Bay	13
10	San Francisco	20
0	Los Angeles	31
0	*New York Giants	10
7	Detroit	16
0	*Atlanta	17
0	*Chicago	10
33	New Orleans	14
17	*St. Louis	7
<u>103</u>		<u>223</u>

CHICAGO (9-5)

30	*Detroit	20
13	St. Louis	16
24	*New Orleans	42
24	*Los Angeles	23
16	Minnesota OT	22
10	*Atlanta	16
26	Green Bay	0
0	Houston	47
28	*Kansas City	27
10	*Minnesota	7
31	Detroit	14
10	Tampa Bay	0
21	*Green Bay	10
12	New York Giants OT	9
<u>255</u>		<u>253</u>

DETROIT (6-8)

20	Chicago	30
23	*New Orleans	19
17	*Philadelphia	13
7	Minnesota	14
10	*Green Bay	6
7	San Francisco	28
0	Dallas	37
20	*San Diego	0
6	Atlanta	17
16	*Tampa Bay	7
14	*Chicago	31
9	Green Bay	10
13	Baltimore	10
21	*Minnesota	30
<u>183</u>		<u>252</u>

AFC

EASTERN DIVISION

MIAMI (10-4)

13	Buffalo	0
19	San Francisco	15
27	*Houston	7
28	Baltimore	45
21	*New York Jets	17
31	*Seattle	13
13	*San Diego	14
14	New York Jets	10
17	*New England	5
17	Cincinnati	23
55	St. Louis	14
17	*Baltimore	6
10	New England	14
31	*Buffalo	14
313		197

NEW YORK JETS (3-11)

0	Houston	20
12	*Baltimore	20
30	*New England	27
24	Buffalo	19
17	Miami	21
27	*Oakland	28
13	New England	24
10	*Miami	14
0	*Seattle	17
12	Baltimore	33
20	*Pittsburgh	23
16	New Orleans	13
10	*Buffalo	14
0	Philadelphia	27
191		300

NEW ENGLAND (9-5)

21	*Kansas City	17
27	Cleveland OT	30
27	New York Jets	30
31	*Seattle	0
24	San Diego	20
17	*Baltimore	3
24	*New York Jets	13
14	*Buffalo	24
5	Miami	17
20	Buffalo	7
14	*Philadelphia	6
16	Atlanta	10
14	*Miami	10
24	Baltimore	30
278		217

BALTIMORE (10-4)

29	Seattle	14
20	New York Jets	12
17	*Buffalo	14
45	*Miami	28
17	Kansas City	6
3	New England	17
31	*Pittsburgh	21
10	*Washington	3
31	Buffalo	13
33	*New York Jets	12
13	Denver	27
6	Miami	17
10	*Detroit	13
30	*New England	24
295		221

BUFFALO (3-11)

0	*Miami	13
6	Denver	26
14	Baltimore	17
19	*New York Jets	24
3	*Atlanta	0
16	*Cleveland	27
17	Seattle	56
24	New England	14
13	*Baltimore	31
7	*New England	20
13	Oakland	34
0	*Washington	10
14	New York Jets	10
14	Miami	31
<u>160</u>		<u>313</u>

WESTERN DIVISION

DENVER (12-2)

7	*St. Louis	0
26	*Buffalo	6
24	Seattle	13
23	*Kansas City	7
30	Oakland	7
24	Cincinnati	13
14	*Oakland	24
21	*Pittsburgh	7
17	San Diego	14
14	Kansas City	7
27	*Baltimore	13
24	Houston	14
17	*San Diego	9
6	Dallas	14
<u>274</u>		<u>148</u>

KANSAS CITY (2-12)

17	New England	21
7	*San Diego	23
28	*Oakland	37
7	Denver	23
6	*Baltimore	17
21	San Diego	16
7	Cleveland	44
20	*Green Bay	10
27	Chicago	28
7	*Denver	14
20	Houston	34
7	*Cincinnati	27
31	*Seattle	34
20	Oakland	21
<u>225</u>		<u>349</u>

OAKLAND (11-3)

24	*San Diego	0
16	Pittsburgh	7
37	Kansas City	28
26	Cleveland	10
7	*Denver	30
28	New York Jets	27
24	Denver	14
44	*Seattle	7
34	*Houston	29
7	San Diego	12
34	*Buffalo	13
14	Los Angeles	20
35	*Minnesota	13
21	*Kansas City	20
<hr/>		
351		230

SAN DIEGO (7-7)

0	Oakland	24
23	Kansas City	7
24	*Cincinnati	3
14	New Orleans	0
20	*New England	24
16	*Kansas City	21
14	Miami	13
0	Detroit	20
14	*Denver	17
12	*Oakland	7
30	Seattle	28
37	*Cleveland	14
9	Denver	17
9	*Pittsburgh	10
<hr/>		
222		205

SEATTLE (5-9)

14	*Baltimore	29
20	Cincinnati	42
13	*Denver	24
0	New England	31
30	*Tampa Bay	23
13	Miami	31
56	*Buffalo	17
7	Oakland	44
17	New York Jets	0
10	*Houston	22
28	*San Diego	30
20	Pittsburgh	30
34	Kansas City	31
20	*Cleveland	19
<hr/>		
282		373

CENTRAL DIVISION

CINCINNATI (8-6)

3	*Cleveland	13
42	*Seattle	20
3	San Diego	24
17	Green Bay	7
14	Pittsburgh	20
13	*Denver	24
13	*Houston OT	10
10	Cleveland	7
10	Minnesota	42
23	*Miami	17
30	*New York Giants	13
27	Kansas City	7
17	*Pittsburgh	10
16	Houston	21
<u>238</u>		<u>235</u>

CLEVELAND (6-8)

13	Cincinnati	3
30	*New England OT	27
14	*Pittsburgh	28
10	*Oakland	26
24	Houston	23
27	Buffalo	16
44	*Kansas City	7
7	*Cincinnati	10
31	Pittsburgh	35
21	New York Giants	7
0	*Los Angeles	9
14	San Diego	37
15	*Houston	19
19	Seattle	20
<u>269</u>		<u>267</u>

HOUSTON (8-6)

20	*New York Jets	0
16	Green Bay	10
7	Miami	27
27	*Pittsburgh	10
23	*Cleveland	24
10	Pittsburgh	27
10	Cincinnati OT	13
47	*Chicago	0
29	Oakland	34
22	Seattle	10
34	*Kansas City	20
14	*Denver	24
19	Cleveland	15
21	*Cincinnati	16
<u>299</u>		<u>230</u>

PITTSBURGH (9-5)

27	*San Francisco	0
7	*Oakland	16
28	Cleveland	14
10	Houston	27
20	*Cincinnati	14
27	*Houston	10
21	Baltimore	31
7	Denver	21
35	*Cleveland	31
28	*Dallas	13
23	New York Jets	20
30	*Seattle	20
10	Cincinnati	17
10	San Diego	9
<u>283</u>		<u>243</u>

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW ABOUT PRO FOOTBALL?

- Can Walter Payton break O.J.'s rushing record?
- What makes Tony Dorsett run?
- Is Roger Staubach really the All-American Boy Scout?
- How did Lyle Alzado fight his way up from the streets of Brooklyn?
- How does a punter punt? (Ask Ray Guy!)
- What happened to the Vikings?
- Can O.J. make it in San Francisco?

This book will tell you all of that, and more.

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